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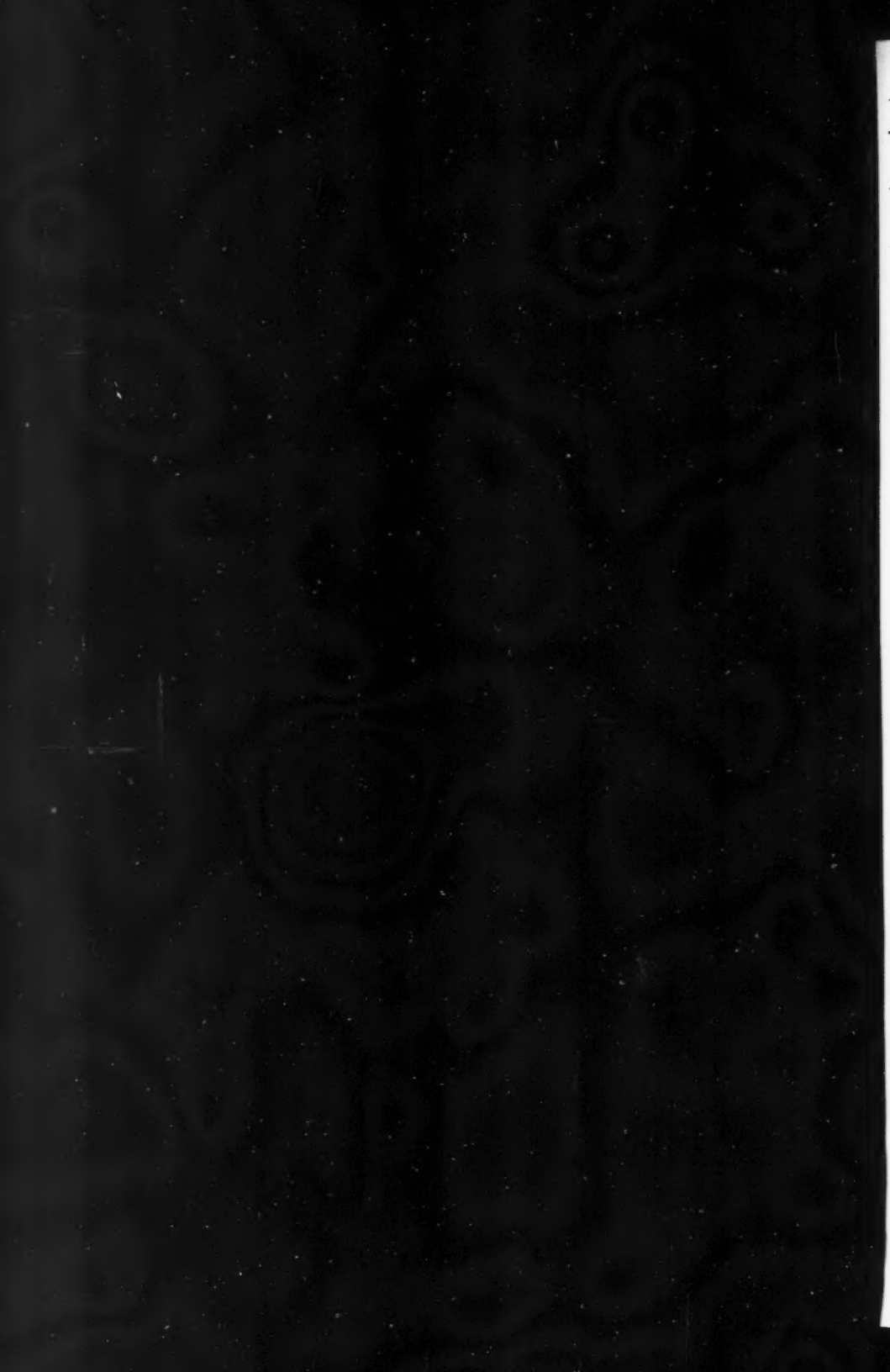
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXXI. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXVI. }

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HAPPINESS.

"THOU shalt be happy!" So I told my heart
One summer morning many a year ago:

"Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy
part
Of mirth and feasting in the great world's
show.

Thou shalt have health and wealth, high fame
and praise,
Thy place shall be with those who sit above;
Thou shalt have sunshine on the dullest days,
And, best of all, my heart, thou shalt have
love."

Thus, in the morning of my days, I spake
Unto my heart, and gladly it replied:
"The world is all before us, we can make
Joy for ourselves, a never-ebbing tide."
So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth,
To seek for happiness — upon the earth.

God gave us health and wealth, and we were
glad

Thus for a season, waiting joys to come;
God gave us fame and praise, a little sad
We were, my heart and I, amid the hum
Of voices lauding us, till one, more dear
Than all the rest, spake gentle words and
sweet.

Then we grew jubilant with right good cheer,
And happiness came on with flying feet,
Drew near — but passed. Alas! my heart
and I,

We could not hold the radiant wanderer
fast.

One rose-touch of her lips in fleeting by
Was ours; one precious look — the first, the
last.

She will return, we said, with love's new birth,
There must be happiness for us on earth.

We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell
Sore sick; were sorrowful, found dreary
ways.

We lost our wealth, and none drew near to tell
Of comfort waiting us in better days.

But where is happiness? Alack! we find

She is not ours to beckon as we list;

We have no magic spell wherewith to bind

This rare, bright visitant to earth. We
missed

The royal road to happiness; but lo!

Something is saved us from the wreck of all:
We have content, though doubtful blessings
go,

And peace entwines our crosses great and
small.

We learn, my heart and I, the world's true
worth,

And seek for happiness — but not on earth.

All The Year Round.

"THE DRIFT," LINCOLNSHIRE.

BY KATHARINE COOPER.

THERE, in Spring, the violets blue
Lift them with so deep a hue,

As, in seeking, they had caught
More of heaven than they sought;

Dazzled by that azure bright,
Drank too deep of its delight;

And, in penance for their theft,
Glad to be as carpet left;

Breathing odors that have given
Wonder which were earth or heaven.

There in Summer bluebells quiver,
And there runs a rippling river

Of fair grasses where the bee
Dips in golden ecstasy.

There great boulders, time-embossed,
Bleachen grey or richly mossed,

Are as footstools fair and sweet
For Diana's wandering feet.

Safe as lion in his lair
Fearless sits the fresh-eyed hare.

And the couchant rabbit sleeps
Where the speckled partridge peeps,

Scared by every breeze that stirs
Round that nested charge of hers.

Here and there a lonely tree
Woos some breeze adown the lea,

Breeze that soon must sink and tire,
Unclassed by that lispng lyre.

Ah! how often there reclined
Weary form with weary mind,

By that whispering song beguiled
Grew gay-hearted as a child,

And bird and bee and butterfly
Seemed merrier for the minstrelsy.

To that patch of charmed shade
Wandering odors, weary, strayed,

Some from bindweed in the corn,
Some from roses on the thorn;

One, of honied fragrance fine,
From gold crowns of wild woodbine.

While but flowers bedeck thy soil,
Drift! thou dream'st through harvest toil.

There the barley, silvery green,
Vests the vale with rippling sheen.

There the wheat spreads far and wide;
Plenty laughs from side to side.

On thou windest till the sky
Wears thy ferns' faint tracery,

Rising, as should all earth's joy,
To that Heaven where's no alloy.

Good Words.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
ROBERT BROWNING.*

It is six months and more since the winter morning when the news of Robert Browning's death came to us from Venice, and we woke to the consciousness that one of the greatest minds of the century had passed away. And now, in the midst of that busy London life from which he has vanished, our loss makes itself sadly and sorely felt. Everywhere we seem to miss him in the accustomed ways, at the doors of houses and at the corners of the streets, in the picture-gallery and the concert-hall, at the social gatherings where he was always a welcome guest. We look in vain for the familiar form and the beaming smile which gladdened our eyes with its genial light, and ask ourselves if it can be true that the ringing voice is silent and the hand which held ours in its warm, living grasp stiff and cold. He was so full of life and vigor, his intellect was so keen and alert to the last, it is hard to believe he is gone, hard to realize that death with whom he seemed to have so little in common has at length claimed him. And, as we write, his own words seem to rise up and reproach us: "Never say of me that I am dead!"

The notes of that many-stringed lute are hushed, and the brave tones which through more than half a century of song spoke to us of faith and hope and undaunted courage will be heard no more, but still the air is thick with memories of him. During the last few months a whole mass of interesting recollections have appeared in print, both in England and in America, where he was known and loved almost as well as he was here. Biographical details, portraits, letters, impromptu verses, fragments of conversations, little anecdotes full of charm, as setting forth some well-known characteristic, and valuable as

illustrating some new feature of the poet's mind, have been poured out on all sides. Everything relating to such a man is worthy of record. Every detail is precious which helps us to know him better. As Mr. Browning himself wrote in the Shelley essay, "In our approach to the poetry, we necessarily approach the personality of the poet; in apprehending it we apprehend him, and certainly we cannot love it without loving him. Both for love's and for understanding's sake we desire to know him, and as readers of his poetry must be readers of his biography also." And in Mr. Browning's case there is nothing to shun, nothing to pass over; in all that has come to light since he died there is not a single word which detracts in the least from the nobleness of the figure or the beauty and completeness of a life which was from first to last as great and good as the poems which it inspired.

The true life has, of course, yet to be written, and while we wait eagerly for the promised memoir from the pen of one who knew the poet intimately and could share his thoughts in a way that has been given to a few, we are grateful to all who add their touches to the picture before time has dimmed their remembrance.

The most important biographical notice of Browning which has yet appeared is the life written by Mr. William Sharp in the "Great Writers" series, a volume published within four months of the poet's death. A work so hastily produced must necessarily be wanting in many respects, and it would be easy to point out both omissions and defects, but, as Mr. Sharp has been careful to inform us in the preface, his volume does not pretend to be more than a *mémoire pour servir*, we are more inclined to quarrel with the writer for giving us too much of himself and his own notions and opinions than for these evident traces of hurry. Still the memoir gives a correct and lucid account of the chief incidents in the poet's life, and of the gradual development of his genius, with fuller glimpses of his personality here and there. Mr. Sharp's account of Mr. Browning's early career is in a great measure borrowed from an extremely interesting paper by Mr. Edmund Gosse,

* 1. *Life of Robert Browning*. By William Sharp. "Great Writers." London, 1890.

2. *Robert Browning: Personalia*. By Edmund Gosse. London, 1890.

3. *A Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning*. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. Fifth edition, revised. London, 1890.

4. *On Some Points in Browning's View of Life*. A paper read before the Cambridge Browning Society, November, 1882. By B. F. Westcott. Cambridge, 1883.

which appeared in the *Century* some years ago, and which has now been reprinted, together with some later reminiscences of the poet, charmingly put together in a small volume bearing the title of "Personalalia." Mr. Gosse's information was derived from the lips of Mr. Browning himself, who, tired of what he called "the jangle of facts and fancies" published about him, partly dictated and afterwards revised the article.

Robert Browning was born on May 7, 1812, at Camberwell. He sprang from an old, west-country family, and his great-grandfather had been a small proprietor in Dorsetshire. His grandmother on the father's side was a Creole, and on the mother's Scotch, while his maternal grandfather was a German from Hamburg, Wiedemann by name, an accomplished musician and artist, a pedigree which, as Mrs. Orr remarks, "throws valuable light on the vigor and variety of the poet's genius." His father, a clerk in the Bank of England, who lived till eighty-four and never knew a day's illness, was a scholar and a writer of verse himself, fond of classics and steeped in mediæval legendary lore. From him Browning inherited his splendid physique and love of books, from his mother his artistic and musical tastes. One of the earliest recollections of his childhood was that of sitting on his father's knee listening to the story of Troy, while his mother sat at the piano, "her chief happiness," playing Scotch melodies in the twilight. And when he first went to school at Peckham his chief delight on holiday afternoons was to lie and dream on the grass in a lonely spot, under three big elms looking over distant London, the towers of Westminster, and the dome of St. Paul's. The sight of the vast city, seen through the veil of drifting fog and cloud, had for him a strange fascination.

One of the memorable nights of his boyhood [says Mr. Sharp] was an eve when he found his way, not without perturbation of spirit, because of the unfamiliar solitary dark, to his loved elms. There for the first time he beheld London by night. It seemed to him then more wonderful and appalling than all the host of stars. . . . It was then that

the tragic significance of life first dimly awed and appealed to his questioning spirit; that the rhythm of humanity first touched deeply in him a corresponding chord (p. 28).

At eight years old he began to translate Horace, and his sister remembers him walking round and round the dining-room table, spanning out the scansion of his verses with his hand on the smooth mahogany. But, not content with one sphere, he aspired to be famous in all the arts. When at twenty he wrote "Pauline," this dream had not yet been abandoned. He still thought of being a universal artist, producing poems, operas, and comedies under different names, while his real identity remained hidden from the world. But it soon became clear to him that poetry was to be his vocation.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all express me;
This of verse alone, one life allows me
Other lives in other heights, God willing!

By the time he was twelve he had written poems enough to fill a volume; and the reading of Shelley, whose poems his mother brought home one memorable day, fired his muse to fresh and higher flights. After he left school in 1826 he studied with a tutor at home, and then for a very short time at the London University. One day his father asked him what profession he intended to enter, upon which he begged to be allowed to follow his own inclination, see life in the best sense, and cultivate the powers of his mind. "He had," says Mr. Gosse, "the singular courage to decline to be rich" (p. 26). His father, full of belief in his son's genius, and aware that he could provide for both Robert and his sister, agreed in his decision, with a cordial approval for which the poet was always grateful. "My dear father," he said to an American friend a few weeks before he died, "put me in a condition most favorable for the best work I was capable of. He secured for me all the ease and comfort that a literary man needs to do good work. It would have been shameful if I had not done my best to realize his expectations of me. . . . When I think of the many authors who

have had to fight their way through all sorts of difficulties, I have no reason to be proud of my achievements" (p. 22).

Already his brain was full of colossal schemes. He planned a series of dramatic poems descriptive of the history of typical souls, and actually sketched out several. Only one of these, however, saw the light, the fragmentary poem "Pauline," which was anonymously published in January, 1833, an aunt of the poet supplying the necessary funds. Unknown as the author was, his first effort attracted more than common notice. Allan Cunningham wrote a sympathetic review in the *Athenaeum*, and John Stuart Mill was so much struck by the poem that he wrote to the editor of *Tait's Magazine* asking leave to review "Pauline," but was told that unluckily the week before the poem had been contemptuously dismissed with a notice of a line and a half. Many years afterwards Dante Rossetti read "Pauline" at the British Museum, and admired it so much that he copied the whole poem out, and, convinced that it must be by the author of "Paracelsus," wrote to Browning, who was then living in Florence, and asked him if this were not the case. Browning, who had never heard the young painter's name before, called upon Rossetti on his return to London, and so the two men became friends. Crude and boyish in conception as "Pauline" is, there were beauties enough in this immature production to captivate the lovers of true poetry. The influence of Shelley, who is invoked under the name of "Sun-treader," is apparent at every page, but still more remarkable is the startling novelty of its whole line of thought which marks the poem from beginning to end. Nothing like this had ever been heard before in English poetry. Already the poet goes to the root of the matter, busies himself with the problems of life, asks what it means, not for mankind in general but for the individual soul. Here is the stuff out of which all his future works are to be made. This poet of twenty, who cries "I am made up of an intensest life," who would "be all, have, see, know, taste, and feel all," and who yearns already after the infinite:—

This is myself, not what I think should be,
And what is that I hunger for but God?—

this is the Browning whom we all know. And these last lines, which come back to us now with prophetic meaning, were as true when the end came last December as when he had written them fifty-seven years before.

Sun-treader, I believe in God, and truth,
And love . . . but chiefly when I die . . .
Know my last state is happy—free from
doubt

Or touch of fear.

So true the great thinker was to these early ideals of his youth.

That autumn Browning went to Italy for the first time. After a year's absence he returned full of enthusiasm for the country which was to become half his own, and described the glories of Venice, the splendor of its sunsets and moonrises, of its palaces and water-streets, in glowing language to his friends. "Italy," he often said when asked if he had been at Oxford or Cambridge, "was my university."

The next winter "Paracelsus" was published at his father's expense. Here again we have the study of a human soul, this time in the form of a drama with four characters. The vague thoughts of the dreamer in "Pauline" have taken more definite shape, and find expression in passages of wonderful beauty and melody. Every one knows the fine lines which were so dear to Gordon and cheered the loneliness of that heroic heart in the hour of sternest trial:—

I go to prove my soul.
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first
I ask not; but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In His good
time.

But a drama of so shapeless a kind, a play with monologues of more than three hundred lines put into the mouth of one of the characters, was not likely to win popular approval. The critics were contemptuous, and very few copies were sold. But here again a few minds of the finer order were attracted. John Forster made friends with the poet on the spot, and

reviewed the poem in the *New Monthly Magazine*. "Mr. Browning," he said there, "has in himself all the elements of a great poet, philosophical as well as dramatic." And the actor Macready expressed his conviction in his journal, as he laid down the poem, that the writer could scarcely fail to be a leading spirit of his time. More important results followed. Macready asked Browning to his house at Hampstead; three months later he was among the personal friends of the actor, and invited to a supper at Talfourd's rooms after the first performance of the author's successful tragedy "Ion." On that occasion Browning sat opposite Wordsworth and Landor, and, to his surprise, the host, on proposing the toast of "The Poets of England," coupled it with the name of the youngest of her bards, "Mr. Robert Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus.'" That same memorable evening Macready asked Browning to write him a play, and the young man replied, "Shall it be historical and English? What do you say to a drama on *Strafford*?" So the noble and pathetic play, recently revived among us with so large a measure of success, was brought to life. In less than a year's time the tragedy was finished, and brought out by Macready at Covent Garden on May 1, 1837, the same day, Mr. Sharp remarks, that Carlyle gave his first lecture in London. It has been said repeatedly that Mr. Browning's plays have always failed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gosse points out, the three which he brought out have all succeeded, and owed their short tenure of the stage to purely accidental circumstances. "*Strafford*" was received with applause, and only withdrawn after five nights, owing to the financial difficulties in which the theatre was involved. "*The Blot on the Scutcheon*," which Macready brought out at Drury Lane in February, 1843, and "*Colombe's Birthday*," which Miss Helen Faucit, afterwards Lady Martin, produced in 1852, were in the same way cut short in the midst of a successful run.

Encouraged by the success of "*Strafford*," Browning wrote other tragedies, but, finding no managers who would take them, went back to his first dream, and gave us another record of a human spirit which soars beyond the limits of this finite existence and learns humility in failure and defeat. "*Sordello*" was written and published in 1840. It proved a failure then, and ever since has been, in Mr. Gosse's words, "an eminent stumbling-block, not merely in the path of fools, but

in that of very sensible and cultivated people" (p. 48). Mr. Browning himself, "in the philosophic afternoon of life," frankly confessed its difficulties, and referred to it with a grim smile as "the entirely unintelligible '*Sordello*.'" And to an anxious admirer who asked him to explain its meaning he replied, "When I wrote it, only God and I knew; now God alone knows!" Certainly no one derived more amusement than he did from the stories of the vain endeavors made by his friends to grapple with this hopeless puzzle. Carlyle wrote: "My wife has read through '*Sordello*' without being able to make out whether *Sordello* was a man, or a city, or a book." And Tennyson is reported to have said that he only understood two lines in the poem, the opening and closing lines:—

Who will may hear *Sordello's* story told;
and

Who would has heard *Sordello's* story told;
and that both of these were lies!

It is interesting to learn how many of the defects which make "*Sordello*" and other of Browning's poems such hard reading, and notably the excessive rapidity and condensation of style, which add so much to the difficulty of grasping the poet's ideas, were in the first place the result of an adverse criticism on his "*Paracelsus*." Browning was informed that John Sterling and Miss Caroline Fox had been repelled by its verbosity; and in his anxiety to avoid this error the poet strove to be content with two words where he would rather have used ten.

The harsh and involved passages in "*Sordello*," which add so much to the remoteness of its thought [says Mrs. Orr] were the first consequence of this lesson. "Pauline" and "*Paracelsus*" had been deeply musical, and the music came back to their author's verse with the dramas, lyrics, and romances by which "*Sordello*" was followed. But the dread of being diffuse had doubly rooted itself in his mind, and was to bear fruit again as soon as the more historical or argumentative mood should prevail (p. 11).

In 1863, tired of being continually approached with this obscurity, Browning set himself to re-write "*Sordello*" in a more transparent manner, but came to the conclusion that the result would not be worth his labor, as he says in the memorable dedication to the French critic, M. Joseph Milsand, of Dijon, who had been one of his earliest admirers:—

I wrote it twenty-five years ago for a few . . . My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study; I at least always thought so. My own faults of expression were many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either? I blame nobody, least of all myself, who did my best then and since, for I lately gave time and pains to turn my work into what the many might, instead of what the few may, like; but after all I imagined another thing at first, and therefore I leave it as I find it.

But at the time the failure to be understood cut the sensitive young poet to the quick. We who only knew him in his days of sunny prosperity can perhaps hardly realize the long-drawn trial of those years, the desolation of the soul which pined for sympathy and recognition. It needed all the moral strength of his character, all his courage and faith, to support him in the struggle and maintain that loyal devotion to the principles of his art from which he never swerved. Still he sang, although there were so few to listen. But after the pecuniary failures of "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" he was unwilling to put his father to further expense, and when Moxon the publisher offered to bring out his poems in a cheap form as pamphlets he caught eagerly at the chance. Under the curious title of "Bells and Pomegranates," eight thin booklets of sixteen pages bound in yellow boards and printed in double columns of small type were brought out by Mr. Moxon between the years 1841 and 1846, and sold at very low prices. So rare is the series now that it cannot be had for less than ten or twelve pounds. In this singular form some of the noblest poetry which Mr. Browning has ever given the world appeared. First came "Pippa Passes"—which was sold for sixpence, with the following characteristic preface:—

Two or three years ago I wrote a play, about which the chief matter I much care to recollect at present is, that a pitfull of good-natured people applauded it. Ever since I have been desirous of doing something in the same way that should better reward their attention. What follows I mean for the first of a series of dramatical pieces, to come out at intervals, and I amuse myself by fancying that the cheap mode in which they appear will for once help me to a sort of pit-audience again. Of course such a work must go on no longer than it is liked; and to provide against a certain and but too possible contingency, let me hasten to say now what, if I were sure of success, I would try to say circumstantially enough at the close, that I dedicate my best

intentions most admiringly to the author of "Ion"—most affectionately to Serjeant Talfour.

"Pippa Passes" is hardly to be called a drama; it is rather, in Mr. Sharp's words, a lyrical masque with dramatic episodes. But it is one of the most beautiful poems which Browning ever wrote, and, as it is also one of the simplest, its popularity was from the first unquestioned. Mr. Gosse is probably right in saying that it first won the public to Mr. Browning. The idea of the humble little silk-winder of Asolo walking alone through life and exercising an unconscious but real and enduring influence on other souls by her innocent song first flashed upon the poet as he was walking alone in a wood near Dulwich. And in the simple words of the songs which are employed with so truly dramatic an effect we have one of those profound convictions which lie at the heart of the poet's philosophy.

All service ranks the same with God—
With God whose puppets best and worst
Are we: there is no last nor first.

And that other:—

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

Next to "Pippa Passes" in the series came the tragedy "King Victor and King Charles;" then the Dramatic Lyrics, which contained such immortal poems as "In a Gondola," "Christina," "Waring," "My Last Duchess," "The Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister;" and finally "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," which, originally written to amuse Macready's little son Willy, was only given to the printer at the last moment to make up the required amount of copy. Next came several more plays, including "A Blot on the Scutcheon" and "Colombe's Birthday;" then the volume of Dramatic Romances, including "Italy in England," "The Lost Leader," "The Flight of the Duchess," and "Saul." Last of all, in 1846, the eighth volume, containing "Luria" and "A Soul's Tragedy." That same year witnessed a more memorable event in the poet's life, and on September 12, Robert Browning was married to Elizabeth Barrett in Marylebone parish church.

Three years older than her husband, the poetess had already written many of the poems which had made her famous, although the greater part of her life was spent on an invalid couch. She "lived with visions for her company instead of men and women, nor thought to know a

sweeter music than they played." But in 1846 she met Mr. Browning at her father's house in Wimpole Street, and from that day the world was changed for her. For many years she had admired his works and took especial delight in the Dramatic Lyrics published in "Bells and Pomegranates." Two years before she had herself written:—

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate,"
which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a
veined humanity.

In him she had already complete faith both as poet and prophet, and when she saw Browning, who, with his impassioned air and dark, curling locks, looked, Macready said, more like a poet than any man he ever saw, the rare sympathy between them quickly ripened into love. The secret of their marriage was so well kept that their best friends were taken by surprise. When Mrs. Jameson heard in Paris that Robert Browning was there with his wife on their way to Italy, she cried, "God help them, for I know not how two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world;" and Wordsworth remarked: "So Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett have gone off together! Well, I hope they may understand each other—nobody else could!"

That winter was spent at Pisa, where the poet pair lived in a palace built by Vasari, within sight of the Duomo, looking down upon the waters of Arno. Together they attended vespers in the Duomo, heard mass at All Souls in the Campo Santo, read Vasari, and dreamt of seeing Venice in the spring. And here, for the first time, Browning saw the MS. of his wife's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," perhaps the most touching confession of love ever made by a woman-soul in verse. Mrs. Browning's health improved wonderfully under the influence of her new-found joy. "She is getting better every day," wrote her husband, "stronger, better, wonderfully beyond all our hopes." To the friends who saw her she seemed transformed. When spring came they journeyed on to Florence, which Mrs. Browning saw for the first time, then to Ancona, and Loretto, and along the coast to Ravenna. They stood together by Dante's grave, and caught wonderful visions of beauty and glory in the distant Apennines. On that journey Browning wrote his lovely little poem on Guercino's "Guardian Angel" in the church at Fano which he and his wife—"My angel with

me too"—visited three times. A new note was struck in this poem, dedicated to his old friend Alfred Domett, the original of "Waring." Something of the peace and serenity that filled his own mind at this moment seems to have passed into the well-known lines:—

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies

And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! All is beauty;
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared?

That winter they settled at Florence, in the Palazzo Casa Guidi, near the Porta Romana, which gave its name to a volume of Mrs. Browning's verse, and which bears an inscription to the memory of the poetess whose verse made a golden ring between England and Italy. This remained their home until Mrs. Browning's death, and their life here was only interrupted by occasional visits to England or to Normandy, and later on by summer flights to the baths of Lucca, and winters spent in Rome for the good of Mrs. Browning's health. The descriptions left us by the Hawthornes and other of their intimate friends have made us all familiar with the ideal home, with its books and paintings, its terrace and balcony full of flowers, and the large drawing-room, where "she who was the glory of it all" sat in her low armchair. Here, in March, 1849, was born their son, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning; and here in 1850 "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" was written. Five years later "Men and Women" was completed, and Browning placed it in his wife's hands with the touching dedication, "One Word More:—"

There they are, my fifty men and women,
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, love, the book and me together.
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

That summer Mrs. Browning's largest work, "Aurora Leigh," was published, and met with great and immediate success. But the fiery soul was fast wearing out the frail body. She watched the struggle of 1859 with the keenest anxiety, and the next year her ardent sympathy for the Italian patriots burst out in the "Poems before Congress." After wintering in Rome she returned to Casa Guidi in June, 1861, and a few weeks later Robert Browning, who had nursed his wife with untiring care and tenderness, had the

inexpressible grief of seeing her die. She passed away with her hand in his, whispering words of hope and joy to the last.

For six years Browning had published nothing, but in the following autumn, with the memory of that parting fresh in his mind, he wrote his wonderful little poem, "Prospice." In 1864 it appeared in print, together with several more of his noblest confessions of faith, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "A Death in the Desert," under the title of "Dramatis Personæ."

In November, 1868, came his longest and most sustained effort, "The Ring and the Book." Three years before, one summer day, he had picked up a parchment-covered book on a stall in Piazza San Lorenzo containing the whole history of a murder which had taken place in Rome in 1698, with all the pleadings, counter-pleadings, and evidence brought to light at the trial. He bought it for a lira, and took it home with him to brood over.

The separate scenes of the Franceschini tragedy [says Mrs. Orr] sprang to life in Mr. Browning's imagination within a few hours of his reading the book. He saw them re-enacted from his terrace at Casa Guidi on a sultry summer night—every place and person projected, as it seemed, against a thundery sky; but his mind did not yet weave them into a whole. The drama lay by him and in him till the unconscious inspiration was complete, and then one day in London . . . "The Ring and the Book" was born (p. 78).

Here, in four volumes containing twelve parts, numbering in all twenty-one thousand lines, we have Browning's greatest constructive work, a dramatic poem in his favorite monologue form. From an artistic point of view it may be a failure, but none the less it remains the grandest and most entirely characteristic monument of his genius. At this time of day it is idle to single out beauties which are known to all the world. It is enough to say that for pathos and dramatic power nothing in our literature surpasses the dying words of Pompilia, the defence of Caponsacchi, and the speech in which the pope delivers his sentence.

"The Ring and the Book" marks the culminating point of Robert Browning's career. Since then he has written many fine and touching poems, but never again has he risen to the same heights. About this time a change was made in his ways of life. Two years before his old father had died in Paris, at the age of eighty-four, and from that day his sister Sarianna became her brother's inseparable companion. They settled at a house in the Pad-

dington district, 19 Warwick Crescent, where they lived until, three or four years ago, the poet moved to a larger house in De Vere Gardens, Kensington.

During these last twenty years Mr. Browning has been a well-known figure in London society. He went everywhere, knew every one, and read everything. He was never absent from private views of the Royal Academy or Grosvenor Gallery, and his own artistic sympathies were heightened by the success of his son, in whose career, both as painter and sculptor, he took the keenest interest. Again, his thorough knowledge of music made him a frequent listener at the best concerts, whether they were given by Joachim, Hallé, or Richter, although he stoutly resisted the claims of Wagner to supremacy, and always declared himself a musician of the old school. To the end of his life he retained his gift of musical improvisation, but he only played for a few of his intimate friends. His correspondence was large, he had friends in all parts of the world, and a circle of acquaintances which grew every year more extensive. No great poet, Mr. Gosse observes, was ever more accessible. "The subtlet of writers was the simplest of men." To him "the whole world was full of vague possibilities of friendship." He met newcomers with the same frank warmth, the same genial manner, ever ready to be amused and pleased, to enter with the same zest into every subject that was discussed. No wonder his presence at the dinner-table or evening party was a keenly coveted honor. But although his conversation, even in public, was always worth hearing, it was a very different and far finer thing in private.

To a single listener, with whom he was on familiar terms [continues Mr. Gosse] the Browning of his own study was to the Browning of a dinner-party as a tiger is to a domestic cat. In such conversation his natural strength came out. His talk assumed the volume and the tumult of a cascade. His voice rose to a shout, sank to a whisper, ran up and down the gamut of conversational melody. Those whom he was expecting will never forget his welcome, the loud trumpet-note from the other end of the passage, the talk already in full flood at a distance of twenty feet. Then in his own study or drawing-room what he loved was to capture the visitor in a low armchair's sofa-lap of leather, and from a most unfair vantage of height to tyrannize, to walk around the victim, in front, behind, on this side, on that, weaving magic circles, now with gesticulating arms thrown high, now grovelling on the floor to find some reference in a folio,

talking all the while, a redundant turmoil of thoughts, fancies, and reminiscences flowing from those generous lips. To think of it is to conjure up an image of intellectual vigor, armed at every point, but overflowing, none the less, with the geniality of strength (p. 82).

Keen arguer and great talker as he was, there was a charm of manner about him which was very captivating in a man of his age. He had a pleasant way of doing things, if it were merely handing a flower or a chair, a knack of saying the right thing which never deserted him. The notes with which he accompanied gifts of his books were often as much valued as the present itself. Nothing, for instance, could be more charming than the letter to Miss Alma Murray, which he wrote in July, 1889, and which Mr. Sharp quotes as a happy example of his lighter style:—

29 De Vere Gardens, W., 6th July, 1889.

MY BELOVED ALMA,—

I had the honor—I had the honor yesterday of dining with the Shah, whereupon the following dialogue:—

“Vous êtes poète?”

“On s’est permis de me le dire quelquefois.”

“Et vous avez fait des livres?”

“Trop de livres.”

“Voulez-vous m’en donner un, afin que je puisse me ressouvenir de vous?”

“Avec plaisir.”

I have been accordingly this morning to town, where the thing is procurable, and as I chose a volume of which I judged the binding might take the imperial eye I said to myself, “Here do I present my poetry to a personage for whom I do not care three straws; why should I not venture to do as much for a young lady I love dearly, who for the author’s sake will not impossibly care rather for the inside than the outside of the volume?” So I was bold enough to take one and offer it for your kind acceptance, begging you to remember in days to come that the author, whether a good poet or no, was always, my Alma, your affectionate friend,

ROBERT BROWNING.

To those who shared his intimacy Robert Browning was the truest and most loyal of friends. When he did love, he brought a heart such as few can give to love. Whether it was the friend of thirty years’ standing or the young girl not a third of his own age, there was room and to spare in that large heart for all. For all alike there was the same overflowing affection, the same readiness of service. His time, his attention, his sympathy, whatever help he had to give was freely at their disposal. “Remember,” he said, in parting from a friend, “wherever you are, if you need me, send for me, I would go to

the ends of the earth to serve you.” And those who loved him knew that this was no empty form of words.

Upon all who met him he made the same impression, that of being an exceptionally happy man. Fortunate in the outward circumstances of his life, blest too with a nature which to the last retained its full capacity for enjoyment, conscious of using his powers to the best advantage, and raised above the changes and chances of this world by his sure faith in a future life, Browning enjoyed certainly a larger share of good things than is given to most of us. Much of this, no doubt, was owing to the splendid health and robustness of constitution which he inherited from his fine old father. On the other hand, his optimism, it is equally certain, was founded on a profound intellectual conviction. Life in his eyes was not only a probation but also a boon to be enjoyed. And he enjoyed it to the uttermost. Like his own Luigi he felt:—

Was not life pressed down, running o’er with joy . . .

I was put at the board-head, helped to all
At first; I rise up happy and content,
God must be glad one loves his world so much.

But while to all appearance he was a man of leisure, free to go where he would and enjoy himself as he chose, he was working hard. At the height of the London season, when he was dining out every night and giving up the afternoons and evenings to social intercourse or sight-seeing, he devoted his mornings to composition, and went to work with as much regularity as any professional man. So one by one, between the years 1870 and 1890, those fourteen volumes were produced and sent out into the world, containing poems of every variety of subject and different degrees of excellence, but all marked with the same marvellous insight into human character, the same love of analyzing the motives and springs of action in each individual soul.

Every autumn he went abroad with his sister, often accompanied by a friend, for a holiday of several months. As a rule their destination was kept secret, for, sociable as he was, Mr. Browning liked to enjoy a period of seclusion, and to be free from the invasion of admiring strangers. Generally some secluded part of the coast of Normandy or Brittany was the favored spot, where he could live among the French people whom he loved, and who had learnt to love him, and look

down on the sea. Germany, he always said, was an unknown land to him. But in later years he often went to the less-visited parts of Switzerland, the mountain valleys near Geneva or Lucerne — anywhere off the beaten track. For long he shrank from seeing Italy again. Rome and Florence, he said, held his past, and could never be the same for him again. Those days were gone, the faces which belonged to them had vanished, and without them Rome, he could truly say, would not be Rome for him. But one autumn he went to Venice, and after that his old love for the place revived, and the city of his youthful dreams became associated with the memories of his last years. There, when the time came, he was glad to die.

One of these autumn holidays was rendered memorable by a mournful event which inspired the finest of Browning's later poems. In 1877 he and his sister spent some weeks at La Saisiaz (Savoyard for *Le Soleil*), a villa in the mountains near Geneva. They were accompanied by an intimate friend, Miss Egerton Smith, who on September 14 died there very suddenly of heart disease. Mr. Browning had actually planned to ascend *Le Salève* with her on the day when she was found dead in the early morning, and in the poem which describes the tragic incident has told us how the day after she was laid in the grave he climbed the mountain alone and stood on the summit without her.

Dared and done: at last I stand upon the summit, Dear and True!

Singly dared and done; the climbing both of us were bound to do.

Climbing — here I stand: but you — where?

Then once more the poet, deeply stirred, asked himself if this life were all — if the face and form he lifted as it lay dead revealed the loss not alone of life but of soul, and nothing but a memory remained. "Was ending ending once and always when you died?" Once more in the presence of death he wrestled with the old problems, and standing by that new-made grave once more declared his faith in a life beyond. The strength of his convictions on this subject was well known to his friends.

Death, death! [he said to Mr. Sharp one day] it is this harping on death I despise so much . . . this idle and often cowardly as well as ignorant harping! Why should we not change like everything else? In fiction, in poetry, in so much of both French as well

as English, and, I am told, in American art and literature, the shadow of death — call it what you will, despair, negation, indifference — is upon us. But what fools men who talk thus! Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I that death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our crapelike, churchyardly word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Pshaw! it is foolish to argue upon such a thing even. For myself, I deny death as an end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead! (p. 196).

To the last there was a youthful vivacity and buoyancy of spirits about him which nothing could touch. He never seemed to grow old. His love songs had still all the fire and passion of youth¹. ardor. No one would dream that such glowing lines as "Never the time and the place and the loved one altogether," or "Out of your whole life give but a moment," in his very latest volume, were the work of a poet who was a good deal upwards of seventy.

It was during the winter of 1888-89 that Mr. Browning's friends first noticed signs of decay in his vigorous frame, but last season to the ordinary observer he showed no trace of failing strength. He dined out every night, and was as full as ever of activity and brightness. He took the keenest interest in questions of the day, and the protest against women's suffrage, which appeared in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*, excited his sympathy in an especial manner. But among all the recollections of that last summer none is more precious than a conversation which he had at Cambridge with Mr. Gosse, on the first Sunday in June. There, as he sat at rest in the lovely fellows' garden at Trinity, with a cloudless sky above, and the pink may blossoming beside him, the poet went back to the old days and far-off ideals of his youth.

He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he marvelled as he looked back at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet and nothing but a poet. He remarked that all his life long he had never known what it was to have to do a certain thing to-day and not to-morrow; he thought this had led to superabundance of production, since on looking back he could see that he had often, in his unfettered leisure, been afraid to do nothing. Then, with complete frankness, he described the long-drawn desolateness of his early and middle life as a literary man; how, after certain spirits had seemed to rejoice in

his first sprightly runnings, and especially in "Paracelsus," a blight had fallen upon his very admirers. He touched, with a slight irony, on the "entirely unintelligible 'Sordello,'" and the forlorn hope of "Bells and Pomegranates." Then he fell, more in the habitual manner of old men, to stories of early loves and hatreds, Italian memories of the forties, stories with names in them that meant nothing to his ignorant listener. And in the midst of these reminiscences a chord of extreme interest to the critic was touched. For in recounting a story of some Tuscan nobleman who had shown him two exquisite miniature-paintings, the work of a young artist who should have received for them the prize in some local contest, and who, being unjustly defrauded, broke his ivories, burned his brushes, and indignantly forswore the thankless art forever, Mr. Browning suddenly reflected that there was, as he said, "stuff for a poem" in that story, and immediately with extreme vivacity began to sketch the form it should take, the suppression of what features and the substitution of what others were needful; and finally suggested the non-obvious and inverted moral of the whole, in which the art of spirited defiance was shown to be really an act of tame renunciation, the poverty of the artist's spirit being proved in his eagerness to snatch, even though it was by honest merit, a benefit simply material. The poet said, distinctly, that he had never before reflected on this incident as one proper to be versified; the speed, therefore, with which the creative architect laid the foundations, built the main fabric, and even put on the domes and pinnacles of his poem was, no doubt, of uncommon interest. He left it, in five minutes, needing nothing but the mere outward crust of the versification (p. 87).

On August 5, just before leaving London, he wrote the generous birthday letter to the laureate which has since been made public. Two months later he wrote another touching letter to Mr. Meynell about a young author, and ended with the significant words, "I shall soon depart for Venice on my way homewards." He was then at Asolo, the white-walled hill city, in the birthplace which had, when he was there fifty-five years before, filled him with "delight and surprise," and where Pippa's songs still seem to haunt the air. There, on October 15, he wrote the dedication of his last volume of poems — "Asolando" — which is now forever associated with the city of Bembo and Catarina Cornaro. The book came out in London in December, and was reviewed in flattering terms in the *Times* and *Standard* on the very day of his death. He went on to Venice to join his son and daughter-in-law at their home in the beautiful Palazzo Rezzonico, where he was to have "a corner for his old

age." His activity of body and mind was still as great as ever. He worked for several hours every day, took long walks on the Lido, went to the opera, and saw friends in the evening. But the action of his heart had lately become weaker, and, when a bronchial attack came on, his strength failed rapidly. He suffered no pain but that of weakness and weariness, and was touchingly grateful to those who nursed him. As he lay dying, his son read him a telegram from his publishers, telling him of the favorable notices of "Asolando" which had appeared in that day's papers. He smiled and murmured, "How gratifying." A few moments afterwards the bell of St. Mark's struck ten, and the great soul passed quietly away.

He had lived long enough to see his genius recognized by his own countrymen, and his greatest admirers were surprised at the widespread marks of grief and sympathy in London on the day when his remains were laid to rest in the Abbey. During the last ten years there has been a great change in the popular feeling with regard to Browning's poetry. For long he had for his readers not the crowd but a few whom he valued more. Now every one reads or tries to read Browning. One of the most remarkable signs of this alteration has been the rise of the Browning Society, which, first formed in 1881, has devoted itself in the most enthusiastic manner to the study of his works. By their discussions and publications and by the representation of his plays the members of this society have undoubtedly lent a powerful stimulus to the poet's ever-increasing popularity. Mr. Browning expressed his own sentiments on the subject in the following characteristic letter, quoted by Mr. Sharp: —

The Browning Society, I need not say, as well as Browning himself, are fair game for criticism. I had no more to do with the founding it than the babe unborn; and, as Wilkes was no Wilkeite, I am quite other than a Browningite. But I cannot wish harm to a society of, with a few exceptions, names unknown to me, who are busied about my books so disinterestedly. The exaggerations probably come of the fifty-years'-long charge of unintelligibility against my books; such reactions are possible, though I never looked for the beginning of one so soon. That there is a grotesque side to the thing is certain; but I have been surprised and touched by what cannot but have been well-intentioned, I think. Anyhow, as I never felt inconvenienced by hard words, you will not expect me to wax bumptious because of undue compliment (p. 189).

Among the publications which owe their existence to the Browning Societies is Mrs. Orr's admirable "Handbook." For this we owe them a large debt of gratitude. No better guide to the study of the poet's works could be conceived than this volume, which has the advantage of being written by one of Mr. Browning's most tried and closest friends. The clear summaries of the different poems there given, the explanation of historical or personal allusions, and the light thrown on the leading characteristics and development of the poet's genius do more to help the student than the most elaborate treatises of more ambitious writers. The question remains, Is Browning really obscure, or is the "fifty-years-long charge of unintelligibility" brought against him to be put down to the obtuseness of the British public during that period? The charge of wilful and intentional obscurity which was formerly levelled at him may now be safely dismissed, but that his poems do present difficulties, even to serious and cultivated readers, must be recognized. In the first place, no doubt, much of the clamor arose from the mistaken idea that all poetry must necessarily be easy reading, the recreation of a tired worker, the pastime of an idle hour. This Browning has never meant his poetry to be. He never pretended to offer such literature as should be "a substitute for a cigar or a game at dominoes." The complexity and rapidity of his thought require sustained effort on the part of the reader, and make continual demands on his mental energy and alertness. But beyond this his verse has always been subordinate to an intellectual theory — the principle that sense should not be sacrificed to sound. In Mrs. Orr's words: —

He values thought more than expression, matter more than form, and judging him from a strictly poetic point of view he has lost his balance in this direction, as so many have lost it in the opposite one. He has never ignored beauty, but he has neglected it in the desire for significance. He has never intended to be obscure, but he has become so from the condensation of style which was the excess of significance and of strength. . . . His genius removed him from the first from that sphere of popular sympathy in which the tendency to excess would have been corrected, and the distance, like the mental habit which created it, was self-increasing. He began early to defy public opinion because his best endeavors had failed to conciliate it, and he would never conciliate it at the expense of what he believed to be the true principles of his art (p. 10).

Again, the difficulty of Browning's po-

etry is enhanced by his peculiarities of style. The involved structure of his phrases, his harsh and crabbed metre, the strange words which he coins, and the extraordinary abruptness with which at times he descends from the loftiest flights of poetry to the most grotesque prose, naturally repel many readers. But these undoubted blemishes will be forgiven by the student who dives far enough down to find the pearl which lies hidden in these depths. Once we have become accustomed to his style, and "learnt his great language," we shall find the rest of our task easy. His meaning will grow clearer at every page, and we shall learn to follow the poet's thought through all the tangle of its intricate maze. But to arrive at this stage it is best to begin with the simpler poems — any of the "Men and Women," and most of the Dramatic Romances, "The Flight of the Duchess," "Pippa Passes," "The Ring and the Book," and so by degrees work our way into the more hidden recesses of the poet's thought, and explore "Fifine," "Paracelsus," "Sordello" itself.

But the sceptical mind still asks, Is the result worth all this toil? "Le jeu en vaut-il la chandelle?" The answer must be given by those who have found in Browning wisdom, strength, and consolation, courage for this life and hope for another. Many there are who, long before Browning Societies were heard of, had learned to love the small brown volumes on their shelf, for the treasure of noble and inspiring thought they held, and who not once, but often, had risen from the study the richer in faith and trust.

We cannot here attempt to analyze Browning's philosophy of life. It is a subject upon which much has already been written, and much more will be written in days to come. We can only single out one or two points which appear to lie at the root of his thought. Not the race but the individual, not the larger life of humanity but the single soul in its struggles, growth, and aspiration, is his constant theme. "Little else," he said himself, "is worth study." In this, as the Bishop of Durham has pointed out in a deeply interesting paper read before the Browning Society at Cambridge some years ago, he supplements the teaching of Wordsworth.

He looks for the revelation of the Divine as coming through the spiritual struggles of man, and not through Nature. Both poets, however, agree in this, that they assert the sovereignty of feeling over knowledge, of that within us which they hold to have affinity with

the heavenly and eternal over that which must be earthly and temporal. But Browning justifies the position with the fullest detail of illustration, as was natural from the current of contemporary thought which he has encountered. He never wearies of dwelling on the relativity of physical knowledge, on its inadequacy to satisfy man, on its subordinate action in the crises of moral growth. The keynote of his teaching, in a word, is not knowledge but love (p. 7).

Man here on earth is in a state of probation. Life is a school where the soul is trained for higher uses, where it learns the lesson of love and the power of self-sacrifice.

Life with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear, . . .
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning
love,
Hers love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

Even human love, the union of soul with soul, saves and glorifies man. Whether it attains its object, and two lives are made complete in one, or whether it fails and has to wait till heaven repairs the wrong earth's journey did, the lesson has been learnt. Earthly love is the training for the perfect life of eternity, the redeeming power by which the sinner rises to God. Each individual soul has his work to do, his place in the divine order. In God's eyes there is neither first nor last. Our times are in his hand. He adapts the circumstances of life to the needs of each separate soul, as if there were none other in the whole universe.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance . . .
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently im-
pressed.

But our lives here fall short of their ideal; the servant of God finds each day how hard it is to be a Christian; the artist dreams, strives to do and fails in doing; the scholar and the statesman sees the gulf which lies between the petty Done, the vast Undone; the palace of sound reared by the musician dies away in the air; the patriot lays down his life in a hopeless cause. And these very failures, this imperfection of man is the secret of his greatness, the pledge of his future triumph.

And what is our failure here but an evidence
Of the fulness of our days?

The dream of the poet, the task which
proved too high for earth, the love which

has been cheated of its fruition here, the pain of the finite heart which yearns, are each and all the promise of a fuller existence. The faulty art of the old Florentines was a far higher thing than the most perfect art of Greece, because it strove after a divine ideal, and held within it the germ of immortal growth.

To-day's brief passion limits their range,
It seethes with the morrow for us and more.

For the work of this life will be tried by a God who looks not on the completed work but on the motive which prompted its endeavor, and judges the man not by what he has done but for what he is. But the inward voice must not be stifled by the pressure of outward circumstances. Precious beyond all else in the soul's history are those moments of spiritual insight, when the light flashes from within, and, under the influence of some vivid emotion, a new resolve is taken which changes the current of a life. "When a soul declares — to wit, by its fruit — the thing it does." Woe to the man or woman who neglects these moments of sudden inspiration, for whom they come and go in vain. To miss them is to miss the mark of life — to fail indeed — "and when God fails — despair." But as long as there is a spark of love in the soul, a trace of this upward movement towards the light, all may yet be well. To aspire is everything. The one fatal thing is to rest content with the perishable joys and success of this world, to accept material bliss, and seek for nothing further. This was how Andrea failed, faultless painter though he was; this was the crime of the soul which chose the world in "Easter Day," and so at the last found itself shut out of heaven and condemned to glut its senses on the finite joys which it had preferred to the infinite.

On the other hand, the conditions of this life must be accepted with all its limitations if we are to make full use of our opportunities here. We are made up of body and soul, and the claims of the material must not be ignored as long as we are here on earth. The Bishop of Durham points out beautifully how this is exemplified in the contrast between Cleon and Lazarus. On one side we see the Greek poet who enjoys the fairest fruits of civilization, and yet cannot find satisfaction for the joy-hunger which yearns after an infinite bliss. On the other we have the soul who, while yet on earth, has seen heaven opened, and in the overwhelming sense of that vision has lost all care for this life, and has not even the

power or will to win men to his own faith. So, too, Aprile in his thirst for infinite love, Paracelsus in his striving after infinite knowledge, and Sordello in his boundless ambition, overleap the limits of this life, and by vainly "thrusting in time eternity's concern" alike end in failure. The proper balance of body and soul must be preserved if man is to make full use of life and attain the end for which he was created. And this union of body and soul, this perfect blending of the human and divine, has been realized in its highest form in the Incarnation. This is the theme of David's inspired song, "The Word made Flesh," in whose person we see that union of Divine might and tender love which can alone satisfy the needs of erring and suffering humanity.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for!
 my flesh that I seek
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O
 Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee; a
 — Man like to me
 Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a
 Hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
 See the Christ stand!

This belief in Christ as God and man lies at the root of all Browning's poetry. Here, in his eyes, the mysteries of life and death find their only true solution. And this very orthodoxy of his has been the cause of much surprise and perplexity to his critics. Some of them do their best to explain it away, others put it down to physical causes, and describe it as the result of a good digestion. They cannot bring themselves to acknowledge that this wondrous intellect should have been content to believe in the controlling power of Providence and hope in a life beyond the grave. Yet nothing is more absolutely certain. His friends smiled to each other over his antiquated notions, and wondered when they heard how boldly he had argued with an atheist orator whom he happened to find haranguing a crowd in the streets. Mr. Moncure Conway has told us how once, when a contemptuous allusion to the Judgment Day as an exploded superstition was made in his presence, Browning replied: "I don't see that. Why should there not be a settling day in the universe as when a master settles with his workmen at the end of the week?" The best proof of the sincerity with which he held the convictions expressed in his poetry is to be found in his own utterances. One of these, a letter written in 1876 to a dying friend who had thanked him for the com-

fort and help he had found in his poems of "Abt Vogler" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra," has lately appeared in print and deserves to be quoted at length:—

It is a great thing—the greatest—that a human being should have passed the probation of life and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer in my poor degree is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope, and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary. And for your sake I wish it to be true, that I had so much of genius as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of genius have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: "Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien! celui-là ne fut pas un homme." Or, as when Charles Lamb in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more, on the final suggestion, "And if Christ entered this room?" changed his manner at once, and stuttered out as his manner was when moved: "You see, if Shakespeare entered, we should all rise; if *He* appeared, we must kneel." Or, not to multiply instances, as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife's testament, wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago: "Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, and that from this life I shall pass to another better, there where that Lady lives, of whom my soul was enamored." Dear friend, I may have wearied you, in spite of your good-will. God bless you, sustain you, and receive you.

The lines from Dante's "Vita Nuova," which the poet here quotes, are the same which he paraphrases in "La Saisiaz," where he argues the same problem of life and death:—

Certain am I—from this life I pass into a
 better, there
 Where that lady lives of whom enamored was
 my soul—where this
 Other lady, my companion dear and true, she
 also is.

All through his long life Browning bore the same unfaltering witness to the faith of his youth. His parents were Dissenters, and at one period, Mr. Sharp tells us, the poet thought seriously of becoming a Nonconformist minister. In later years his theological opinions became modified, perhaps owing to his wife's influence. Mr. Sharp tells us (p. 15) that he was tolerant of all religious forms, but had a

natural bias towards Anglican Evangelicalism. Professor Dowden, one of Browning's ablest and most sympathetic critics, thinks his creed was more in accordance with the theology of Maurice; and Cardinal Wiseman, we know, after reading Bishop Blougram's apology, did not despair of his conversion. But as a matter of fact the Protestant influences of early youth retained a strong hold upon him. Once, not many years after his wife's death, he wrote a long letter to a young friend whom he feared was about to leave our own communion and join the Church of Rome. Against such a change Mr. Browning protested with all the fire of his being. In several closely written pages of forcible argument he sought to prove the retrograde nature of the step, and the surrender of reason it would involve. He dwelt especially on the want of faith in Christ's atoning power, which in his eyes had given rise to the invocation of saints and of the Virgin, and quoted the old text: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And in the course of his argument, he insisted strongly on the claims of the Anglican Church as approaching, in his opinion, more nearly to the pattern of the primitive Church of the Apostles than any other communion. Whatever the exact form of his creed, that it was a large and tolerant one we may be sure. Further we need not inquire. But this one thing is certain. His faith in God and the soul never wavered. He always describes himself as one who through the stress and battle of life "holds on, hopes hard in the subtle thing that's spirit." And this clearness of vision in things unseen, this spiritual ardor, is the more remarkable in one who was so entirely a child of his age. He never stood aloof from the crowd, but was keenly alive to every breath of thought that stirred in the air about him. He represents the nineteenth century in all its feverish restlessness, its energy of thought, its complexity of life, more fully than any other poet. But there is in his poetry none of the habitual gloom and uncertainty which embitters the strains of our sweetest singers and overshadows the dreams of our most earnest thinkers. The *welt-schmerz* of our latter-day prophets, the despair of the modern world, were unknown to him. For him old age had no sadness, death no terrors. To the last his

hopes were high, his glance into the future serene. At the close of that long life we find him singing on with the same brave certainty:—

Life is — to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less
To the heaven's height, far and steep.

This is Browning's legacy to the world, this the message he has left us. And for this we may well be grateful. In an age when doubt and despondency are abroad, when all around us hearts are failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth, it is well to have heard the sound of that clear trumpet-call ringing on the air, bidding us quit ourselves like men. In these days, when they tell us love has grown cold and the old faith has lost its might and the story of Christ no longer has power to move souls, it is a great thing to know that the profoundest thinker among living poets has found in these worn-out themes inspiration for his noblest strains, has dared to sing once more the triumph of goodness and the certainty of an immortal hope. Not in vain has been the witness of that half century of song, not in vain has he taught us how to live and how to die. None of all our poets has had greater influence on the current of contemporary thought. None is likely to have more on the generations which are yet to come. For himself, he has told us, in those farewell lines from Asolo, how we are to think of him, now he is gone:—

One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

And in those other lines of twelve years ago, he has left us an epitaph worthy to be written on the stone where he sleeps in the great Abbey among our noblest dead:—

He there with the brand flamboyant, broad
o'er night's forlorn abyss,
Crowned by prose and verse; and wielding
with Wit's bauble, Learning's rod.
Well? Why, *he at least believed in Soul, was
very sure of God!*

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From The Edinburgh Review.
PROGRESS IN JAPAN.*

THE recent promulgation by the mikado of Japan of a monarchical constitution, which imposes strict limitations to his own powers as sovereign, and brings into being a Parliament composed of Houses of Peers and Commons, furnishes a measure of the unparalleled changes which have been introduced into Japan in the short space of three and twenty years. Within that period this extraordinary nation has advanced without hesitation from the twilight of semi-barbarism into the full blaze of European civilization, and has fearlessly exchanged its old-world institutions for those most recently developed in Western lands. Nor up to the threshold of this great era of change were there any symptoms that the people generally were dissatisfied with the existing order of things. The country was governed on a feudal system, which finds its nearest parallel in the state of China before the second century. The various states of which the empire was composed were ruled over by daimios, who owed political obedience to the *de facto* ruler, the shogun, and homage to the mikado, with whom rested in theory the supreme power. The laws which these authorities administered were in accordance with the Chinese code, as modified to suit the more impulsive and reckless nature of the Japanese; and the morality taught was that preached by Confucius in the fifth century before Christ. With the doctrines of the Chinese sage and the religion of Buddha were associated also the whole body of Chinese literature. No Chinaman ever regarded the writings of the philosophers of the Chow, the Han, the Tang, and the Sung dynasties with greater respect and admiration than did Japanese scholars, who accepted them as models of all that was true in thought, just in sentiment, and graceful in style. The gift of half-sight to a blind man

is an infinite advantage; and so, when the Japanese, who were ignorant even of letters, first became acquainted with the Chinese system of writing and the mass of literature which even then—in the sixth century A.D.—had been collected in the Middle Kingdom, they eagerly welcomed it as a revelation, and drank greedily of the wisdom which they found in its pages. They established schools, built temples, and worshipped the god of literature with even more than Chinese devotion.

How long the country might have continued to strut in its borrowed Confucian plumes if the visits of the foreign envoys had been indefinitely postponed it is impossible to say. But just as in the sixth century the introduction of Chinese culture converted a nation of savages into a semi-civilized kingdom, so the arrival of the American Commodore Perry at Uraga, in 1853, was the beginning of a movement which has changed the face of the country as though by an enchanter's wand, and has raised the nation to a level incomparably higher than that at which its former guide and instructor has remained.

It so chanced that, at the time of which we speak, the empire was already approaching a crisis in its fate. The Tokugawa dynasty of shoguns, which had ruled the country for three centuries, was tottering towards its fall. The race of able men who had founded it had dwindled down to puny representatives of their sires, and a strong party among the daimios was already preparing to act against the shogun, Iyeyoshi, whenever a favorable opportunity should present itself. While the body politic was thus disturbed, news was brought to Yedo that four "barbarian" vessels had appeared off the coast, and that "an individual named Perry" had had the audacity to attempt to open communications with the government. The shogun, taken by surprise, summoned a council, which, however, failed to help him to a decision. "The assembled officials," writes a native author, "were exceedingly disturbed, and nearly broke their hearts over consultations which lasted all day and all night." The city of Yedo was greatly perplexed, and numbers of the wealthier classes moved their furniture and goods beyond the range of the "barbarian" guns, for which, while affecting a contempt, they had a most sincere dread. We have no intention of repeating again the more than twice-told tale of the political events which led up to the abolition of the shogunate and to the restoration of the governing power to the

* 1. *Outlines of Modern Education in Japan*. Translated and published by the Department of Education. Tokio: 1888.

2. *Descriptive Outlines of the Various Schools in Japan*. Translated and published by the Department of Education. Tokio: 1887.

3. *A Short History of the Department of Education*. Translated and published by the Department of Education. Tokio: 1887.

4. *Annual Reports of the Minister of State for Education*. Tokio: 1884-1886.

5. *Annual Reports of the Postmaster-General of Japan*. Tokio: 1875-1886.

6. *Annual Reports of the Director of Imperial Government Telegraphs, Japan*. Tokio: 1875-1886.

7. *Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japon*. Tokio: 1889.

8. *Gleanings from Japan*. By W. G. Dickson. Edinburgh and London: 1889.

hands of the mikado. It is sufficient here to say that in 1868 the young emperor, who still reigns under the name of Meiji, issued a notification to the effect that from that time forward he alone would both reign and govern.

But, sweeping as this reform was, it left the relations of foreigners with the empire in no better condition than formerly. The mikado and his advisers were bitterly hostile, and it required the impetus begotten by a fresh danger to convert the new government to a friendly attitude towards the treaty powers. Oriental statesmen are commonly opportunists, and the narrowly contracted torrent of hatred felt by the mikado's ministers towards Europeans was based on no better foundation than the traditions which were current in the empire. It required, therefore, nothing more than some strong political inducement to convert into friends those foes the measure of whose policy was regulated by that of their immediate wishes. This inducement the ex-shogun supplied. Regretting apparently the haste with which he had resigned the power into the hands of the mikado, Keiki, who had succeeded Iyeyoshi, assembled the northern clans to oppose the imperial power and the western daimios. This venture enlisted some support from the foreign powers, who contrasted favorably the friendly attitude which had been assumed towards them by Keiki when in power, with the bitterly hostile spirit which had been evinced by the new government.

The prospect which thus presented itself to the mikado's ministers was that of a possible alliance between the ex-shogun and the European powers. And though it was the custom of the court nobles to vaunt their countrymen's power and prowess, they had as wholesome a fear of foreign guns as had the inhabitants of Yedo who fled at sight of Commodore Perry's ships. They determined, therefore, to prevent the possibility of an alliance by accepting all and every treaty obligation, and by entering into friendly personal relations with the European envoys. This judicious change of front produced the expected result. The ex-shogun, deprived of the support which he had looked for, maintained for a short time a feeble resistance, and finally surrendered himself to the mikado, who, with an enlightened generosity unusual among victorious Eastern potentates, granted an unconditional pardon to his former foe.

But though the "star of peace" was now in the ascendant, domestic difficulties

pressed hard upon the new government; and foremost among these difficulties was that of ways and means. The abolition of the shogunate had left the feudal constitution of the empire unchanged, while the obligations of the central power had been increased a hundredfold. It was clear, therefore, that some further reform was needed to give stability to the new order of things. In this dilemma the daimios, who had been foremost in bringing about the revolution, came forward with a proposal which, if it is to be regarded as an act of patriotism, deserves to be placed on a level with the brightest deeds of political chivalry which the world has seen. With one consent the princes of Satsuma, Chôshiu, Tosa, and Hizen presented a memorial to the mikado, in which they said:—

In our opinion the Imperial Government must not lose a single day, the Great Strength must not delegate its power for a single day. . . . The heaven and the earth is the Emperor's: there is no man who is not his retainer. . . . By the conferring of rank and property the Emperor governs his people; it is his to give and his to take away: of our own selves we cannot hold a foot of land; of our own selves we cannot take a bit of land: this constitutes the Great Strength. In ancient times the Emperor governed the seagirt land, and trusting to the Great Body and to the Great Strength, the Imperial wisdom of itself ruled over all. . . . In the Middle Ages the ropes of his net were relaxed, so that men, toying with the Great Strength, and striving for power, crowded upon the Emperor, and half the world tried to appropriate the people and to steal the land. Beating and gnawing, and theft and rapine, were the order of the day. . . . Now the Great Government has been newly restored, and the Emperor himself undertakes the direction of affairs. This is indeed a rare and mighty event! . . . Our first duty is to illustrate our faithfulness and to prove our loyalty. When the line of Tokugawa arose it divided the country amongst its kinsfolk, and there were many who founded the fortunes of their families upon it. . . . How were loyalty and faith confused and destroyed! . . . The place where we live is in the Emperor's land, and the food which we eat is grown by the Emperor's men. How can we make it our own? We now reverently offer up the best of our possessions and men, with the prayer that the Emperor will take good measures for rewarding those to whom reward is due, and for taking from those to whom punishment is due. Let the Imperial orders be issued for altering and remodelling the territories of the various clans. Let the civil and penal codes, the military laws, down to the rules for uniform and the construction of engines of war, proceed from the Emperor.

Let all the affairs of the Empire, great and small, be referred to him. After this, when the internal relations of the country shall be upon a true footing, the Empire will be able to take its place side by side with the other countries of the world. This is now the most urgent duty of the Emperor, as it is that of his servants and children. Hence it is that we, in spite of our own folly and vileness, daring to offer up our humble expression of loyalty, upon which we pray that the brilliance of the heavenly sun may shine, with fear and reverence bow the head and do homage, ready to lay down our lives in proof of our faith.

It sometimes happens that statesmen, confident in the security of their positions, resign their offices out of a show of self-abnegation. But this memorial was not the outcome of any such simulated virtue. What the daimios said they meant, and this is best shown by the readiness with which they resigned their fiefs the instant that the government was prepared to act on their representation. The Japanese are not as a rule a far-seeing race. Sudden and quick in quarrel, and ever ready to act on the impulse of the moment, they are often betrayed into acts which, done in haste, are repented of at leisure; and it is not uncharitable to suppose that if Satsuma and his colleagues could have accurately foreseen the consequences of their proposal, and could have forgotten for a moment their bitter feud with the shogun, they would have hesitated to resign all the pride and pomp to which they were accustomed in exchange for the comparatively paltry incomes which they were afterwards awarded.

But, however this may be, the action of the memorialists was followed by that of the remaining daimios, and thus in the space of a few months the feudal system ceased to exist, and a body of nobles who had been more individually and collectively powerful than any in the East sank forever into the ranks of the people. It is impossible to regard this startling change without astonishment. The love of power is part of man's nature, and there was much in the position of the daimios which made the power they wielded of special value to them. The territories over which they ruled with sovereign sway were vast; their incomes were magnificent; they possessed numerous and great privileges of a kind which were likely to be especially gratifying to men of a martial spirit; they were surrounded by large bodies of followers who dared do all that becomes men at the bidding of their lords; and from the common people they received the most abject homage. Their

castles bore no mean resemblance to the strongholds of the Percys, Talbots, and Darnleys of England in the olden time. When they moved abroad they were attended by long retinues of armed retainers, and at home they maintained the state of monarchs.

By the stroke of a pen they resigned all these advantages. They transferred their lands to the mikado, they abdicated their authority over their clans, they vacated their castles, and accepted, in lieu of all, incomes at the rate of one-tenth of the old assessments of their territories. Great as was the direct result of this displacement of the nobles, it had other and even more important consequences. It placed at the service of the State a number of men who were highly educated according to Japanese ideas, who were anxious to give a new direction to their now disused energies, and who saw a means of adding to their diminished incomes by taking the lead in the multitude of reforms which began to take shape immediately on the acceptance of the foreign treaties by the mikado.

With a modesty which would have been astonishing if we had not known that precisely parallel events occurred when the Japanese were first brought into contact with their Chinese neighbors, the mikado's government practically acknowledged the inferiority of their civilization by adopting wholesale the learning, science, and arts of Europe. Embassies were despatched to the European courts, and commissions were sent to study the systems of government, of administration, of education and of religion in the Western world, as well as the dockyards, workshops, and arsenals of the principal manufacturing countries. In speaking of the changes which were instituted at this time, the late Marquis Ts'eng writes in his diary, "One of the first reforms the Japanese made was to exchange their national costume for European clothes, which was very stupid." But they did far more than this, and a collection of annual reports on the education office, the post and telegraph offices, and railways, which lies before us, tells a story of rapid progress such as has never been accomplished by the people of any other country.

It must be remembered that, up to the time of the conclusion of the foreign treaties, Japanese education consisted only of the study of Chinese literature and of the native works which were confessedly based upon that literature. The one object of Japanese scholars was to write

Chinese prose as nearly in the style of the authors of the T'ang and Sung dynasties as possible, and to make verses as closely resembling the poems of Li Taipih and Tu Fu as it was in their power to do. They devoted themselves with untiring diligence to the study of the minute questions of diction and style. They weighed every sentence and adhered with abject sycophancy to every canon of the Chinese literary art, never departing one hair's breadth from the rules which were consecrated by tradition and usage. They accepted the Chinese ideas on cosmogony, and were as credulous on the subject of dragons and other monsters as Confucius himself.

With the arrival of foreigners the faith in Chinese literature which had been delivered to their fathers began rapidly to wane, and on the accession of Meiji, 1868, the desire for wider knowledge found expression in a series of edicts on the subject of national education. There was at first, however, a natural disinclination to admit that it was intended in any way to depart from the ancient lines; and thus we find it gravely stated in the "History of Education," published by the government, that "education attained its highest level in ancient times and declined towards the Middle Ages." In this spirit the first act of the new Board of Education at Kioto was to enlarge the existing schools, and to compel the nobles and officials to attend the lectures given at the colleges on the Chinese and Japanese classics. But the demands of the people soon outstripped the capabilities of this antiquated machinery, and it quickly became necessary to establish universities, middle schools, and elementary schools throughout the empire. In 1871 an edict was issued announcing the intentions of the government.

All knowledge [so ran this document] from that necessary for daily life to that higher knowledge necessary to prepare officials, farmers, merchants, artisans, physicians, etc., for their respective vocations is acquired by learning. And although learning is essential to success in life for all classes of men, yet for farmers, artisans, and merchants, and for women, it was regarded as beyond their sphere; and, even among the upper classes, aimless discussions and vain styles of composition only were cultivated, from which no practical use could ever be deduced. . . . It is intended that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member.

In pursuance of the policy announced

in this edict the schools were still further multiplied. For educational purposes the empire was divided into districts, each of which was charged with the maintenance of schools in exact ratio to the population. For every six hundred people one elementary school was to be provided, besides the normal schools, middle schools, and female schools, which were arranged on other calculations. Having arrived in advance of Lord Salisbury at the conviction that school pence are based on a wrong principle, the government abolished all fees in the elementary schools, and threw the whole charge on the rates.

This was a strain which even the Japanese in all their newly acquired craving for more knowledge found to be too great to be borne, and in response to urgent appeals the government sanctioned grants in aid, varying in accordance with the needs of each district. In 1875 no less a sum than one million seven hundred thousand dollars was paid out of the imperial exchequer for this purpose. But with the calls upon the public purse for the purchase of ships for the navy, arms for the soldiers, and materials for railway making, the government found that this sum was more than its resources justified, and some of the normal and foreign-language schools were consequently closed. It was impossible, however, to maintain this economical policy. The thirst for learning, and especially such learning as was to be gained from foreigners, was too genuine to allow any consideration to stand in the way of the people acquiring it, and the government becoming, like another Frankenstein, the slave of its own creation, was compelled to contribute the provision which was required for the education of the people.

In response to further demands the numbers and kinds of schools were increased until every class and section of the community, including those who were physically disabled, had special schools provided for them. With the multiplication of schools came also a multiplication of subjects for study. A syllabus was arranged which, while bearing ample evidence to the growing thirst for wider knowledge, paid a partial tribute to the discarded Confucian system by including among its subjects the strict cultivation of outward conduct and morals. At the elementary schools and higher elementary schools an hour and a half a week was thus devoted to fostering "the moral sensibilities by simple maxims, facts, etc., and

to instruction in etiquette." The prominence given to this branch of education was due to a reaction against the dangerous disregard of social etiquette, which was one of the first results of the reformation. With the introduction of the "new learning" were loosed the bands which had bound people together in matters of outward conduct. The old morality which had been sufficiently powerful to influence the behavior of children towards their parents, husbands towards their wives, and friends towards friends, had been thrown to the winds, and, there being nothing ready at hand to take its place, a period of social disorder followed. The profound obeisances, the respectful manner, and the polite greetings, customary among all classes, were exchanged for brusque and impolite behavior, and even inferiors treated with scant respect those to whom they had been accustomed to pay abject reverence.

Composition, writing, arithmetic, gymnastics, geography, history, science, drawing, singing, and sewing for girls, are the other subjects which now claim the attention of the scholars at elementary schools, where English, agriculture, handiwork, and commerce form optional subjects. In the middle schools special attention is paid to languages, two European living languages, in addition to Latin, being diligently taught.

As a consequence of the establishment of a new form of civil and military administration the foundation of a new capital naturally followed, and with the transfer of the court from Miako to Yedo, or Tokio, as it was newly christened, there were established at that now favored spot a university, an imperial library, and a museum, in addition to specimens of all the schools established for the instruction of young Japan. At the university, to which is attached a library containing one hundred and eighty thousand volumes, courses of lectures are delivered in law, chemistry, mathematics, physics, astronomy, biology, engineering, geology and mining, literature, history, philosophy, political philosophy, and, last and not least, Chinese and Japanese literature. All these classes are largely attended by diligent students to whom the dicta of the most celebrated European authorities on the various subjects are becoming as familiar as household words. If, however, we are to judge of the comparative favor with which these subjects are regarded by the number of translations which have appeared in Japanese of works upon them, the palm must

unquestionably be given to international law, the French code, and philosophy as expounded by Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill. These form the most cherished studies of the young undergraduates, while in the one thousand four hundred and forty miscellaneous schools which are scattered over the empire, English is the most popular subject, next to that German, and then French and Russian.

Up to the present time there has been abundance of employment for all those who have been able to acquire a sufficient knowledge of foreign languages, arts, and sciences, to meet the requirements created by the many and the great changes which are in course of being made. With the establishment of universities, schools, libraries, museums, the active construction of railways, ships, dockyards, and telegraphs, and the sudden development of foreign intercourse, there has been work enough and to spare for all young men who have been able to qualify in any of these branches of useful knowledge. But if scholars, engineers, and linguists continue to be produced at the present rate, there can be no doubt that a time will come when the supply will more than equal the demand, and when the vaulting ambition of the present age will entail want and poverty on succeeding generations. At present everything goes as merrily as a marriage bell. Under a liberal administration which has learned with facility that money can be borrowed on the European bourses with little trouble and at trifling interest, incomes are easily secured, and the day of reckoning seems to be so far off that there does not appear to be any necessity as yet for "Care to keep his watch."

Our concern now does not lie with the future, but with the present, and it cannot be denied that the very material grants in aid of education which have been advanced by the government have been of infinite benefit to the youth of the country. The class on which the new learning has produced the greatest change is that of the women. Until the restoration the women of the country were left, as a rule, in the most complete ignorance of letters. It was not considered necessary that girls should be taught either to read or write. Their sole object in life was to learn such accomplishments as might make them attractive in the eyes of their husbands and useful in their households. To be able to perform skilfully on the guitar, to dance gracefully, and to sing melodiously were considered more essential attain-

ments than a knowledge of Confucian literature and the art of composing essays. A large number of girls were like the *hetairæ* of ancient Greece, carefully trained in all these accomplishments for the basest of purposes; but in the households of all ranks and degrees the graces of life were considered the special heritage of the women. This system of education harmonized in a marked degree with the natural disposition of Japanese womanhood. Endowed by nature with pleasing features, vivacious dispositions, and quick sensibilities, the arts and graces of life found congenial development in their fascinating persons. The complete contrast they offered to the male portion of the community formed an attraction in strict accordance with the laws of nature. In their sparkling society the merchant forgot his commercial cares, the student his books, and officials found the best antidote to the worries inflicted by foreign ministers and consuls in the prettily decorated boudoirs of the ladies of their households. The stern realities of life made little impression upon them. They were rather formed of such stuff as dreams are made of, and exercised, by virtue of their "airy tongues" and winning grace, an unbounded influence over their husbands and admirers. With the most artless art they devoted themselves to the gracious task of trying to please, and found their reward in the successful results of their endeavors.

Since, however, the schoolmaster has been abroad a change has come over the life of Japanese maidens. They are no longer allowed to wander fancy free through their early years, but at the age of six are compelled by law to attend school, where a most substantial course of instruction is provided for their youthful minds. At the same time that "their moral sensibilities are fostered," they are taught reading, mathematics, writing, composition, dictation, English, handiwork, singing, gymnastics, history of Japan, natural history, physics, chemistry, drawing, sewing, etiquette, household management, and music. When reading this list it is impossible not to feel compassion for the poor children who are nurtured on mental fare which is so little suited to their constitutions, and some alarm lest their new nutriment should prove destructive to that fascinating joyousness which possesses so potent a charm. How these wild plants will bear transplantation into educational hothouses may soon be seen, for the process is being vigorously carried

on, and the female schools are in full play all over the country. In the Tokio district the female scholars in the private elementary schools are nearly as numerous as the boys, the numbers being, according to a recent report, 15,737 and 16,407 respectively; while in the higher schools of the same district 585 girls and 823 boys are taught. This proportion is not maintained among the students sent abroad for instruction, only one girl to nineteen young men being allowed this privilege.

That the ignorance of Japanese women was, under the old order of things, deplorable, cannot be denied. Very few of them could read, only a very small portion of them could sign their names, and the instruction they received was almost entirely derived from the discourses of Buddhist priests and the lectures of professional story-tellers. Of course there were occasionally to be met with girls who, having an intuitive taste for learning, acquired a considerable amount of scholarship, as, for instance, the brilliant authoress of the "*Genji Monogatari*;" but these were as rare as flowering aloes, and cannot be said to have affected the general ignorance of their sex. The Educational Report for 1886—some years after the opening of the reformed schools—states that in the province of Shiga, one of the most cultured districts in the empire, nearly half the female population were unable to sign their names, the exact number being 122,009 against 146,719 who had just enough skill in penmanship to be able to scrawl a signature. In the same year, throughout the empire, there were 30,367 schools of all kinds, at which 84,703 instructors taught 3,232,719 pupils, of which number 986,615 were girls. Not satisfied with these means of education, thirty-eight Kindergartens have been established in various cities, in which 2,585 infants are taught obedience, attention, and the rudiments of learning. At the other end of the educational scale universities are open to receive the more advanced students, and forty of the most eminent scholars of the empire are elected to the Tokio Academy, where they form a society in strict imitation of the "forty immortals" of the *Académie Française*. Under the auspices of this august body works of national importance are compiled and published, and questions of scholarship are submitted to their combined wisdom for solution.

It must not be supposed that the system now in force was that which was in the

first instance determined on. A nation which makes such a plunge as Japan did in 1868 must inevitably flounder for a time, and it reflects great credit on the authorities that, in spite of the many difficulties in their way, arising from financial pressure, administrative perplexities, and inapt instruments, they have never for an instant swerved from their original purpose. That there have been constant changes of the machinery is only what might have been naturally expected. If they had arrived at their present matured system at once, they would have been more than mortal, and the only difference between their progress and that accomplished by ourselves is that they, in a single decade, went through the experiences which it took us a century to gain. According to the present arrangements the Education Department plays much the same part in Japan that the like institution does with us, except that its decrees are more automatically delivered and obeyed than is possible in a country where representative government holds sway. In 1886 seven hundred and thirty-two officials were employed in connection with the department, besides twenty-seven foreign instructors, and the entire cost amounted to 1,014,116.406 *yen*, with a contingent expenditure of 25,357.908 *yen*.

It was a remark of the late Sir Harry Parkes that, unless the Japanese established museums for the preservation of antiquities, there would soon be nothing left in the country that was nationally characteristic; and no doubt the Japanese have, in their new-born ardor, shown a want of appreciation of the comparative value of their own arts and civilization. There are not a few who must regret the exchange of the graceful robes worn by men and women for the cloth clothes and Parisian dresses which are now *la mode* in Japan. "Foreign dress is the best to wear in, and Japanese is best to play in," remarked a waiter to Mr. Dickson; and, though this may be true of male attire, no such apology can be made for the European style of ladies' dress. Petticoats and tight-fitting dresses cannot be compared, for healthiness, convenience, or economy, with the loose and graceful robes which were wont to adorn the figures of Japanese ladies.

But whatever may be advanced by its apologists in favor of this reform, nothing can be adduced in support of the tendency which has of late years been shown by Japanese artists to adopt European methods of painting in lieu of their exquisite

native art. In all good Japanese pictures there are observable a vividness of representation, a freedom of touch, a realistic conception, and a beauty of coloring which are rarely to be found in the production of artists of any other country. But their art is essentially one which, for its fullest development, requires to be set free from all technicalities and rules. The painter sketches off on his canvas the objects as they appear to his eye with all the wealth of coloring which he attributes to them. No observance of any recognized canons interferes with the freedom and individuality of his touch. He brings all his innate love of beauty and his Oriental power of imagination to beautify his subject and to impart to others the joy which he himself feels in the loveliness of the natural objects before him. But, unfortunately, even this incomparable art has not escaped the reformer's zeal. With the study of European letters and literature came a knowledge of perspective and of the principles of Western coloring. The new-born ardor for all things bearing the stamp of Europe, which had laid it down as an axiom that everything from the Western world was to be preferred to native products, tempted, in an evil moment, the artists of the country to exchange their incomparable methods for very imperfect imitations of European paintings.

There was also another inducement which helped to precipitate this unwelcome reform. The admiration which Japanese pictures excited when the country was first opened up to foreigners led to a rush on the market for all paintings bearing the signatures of well-known artists. It was not long before Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans became as enthusiastic over the works of Seshiu, Kano Masanobu, and Hokusai as the Japanese themselves. At almost any prices the works of these and other masters were bought up with avidity, until a large proportion of the best pictures in the country had been carried off to adorn the walls of galleries in London, Paris, and Berlin. When these *chefs d'œuvre* became exhausted inferior works supplied their places in the market, and when, in turn, these became scarce the production of a new supply formed the trade of any artist who could wield a brush. To these men speed was a condition of success, and the hours employed in compounding the pigments which produced the incomparable coloring common to Japanese paintings appeared to be so much time wasted when cheap European colors stood ready

to hand. The temptation of an eager market overcame, for the moment, the innate love of art which belongs to the Japanese as a race, and the descent from perfect to indifferent coloring was intensified by the attempt to conform in all cases to the rules of perspective taught in the schools. The result was the production of paintings which had lost all the freshness and harmony of the works of bygone artists, and in which were exchanged the cramped effects of mechanical methods for the freedom and vigor which were characteristic of Japanese paintings. Fortunately the artistic instincts of the people are too strong to be permanently overcome by the assault of greed, and a better spirit has arisen which has condemned these products of a prostituted art, and has restored artists to a proper sense of the value of their native skill.

A somewhat similar fluctuation has been experienced in the religions of Japan. Buddhism, which had been the means of introducing Chinese civilization into the country, and Shintoism, which may be described as an unsacerdotal worship of nature, supplied the religious wants of the people until the time of the restoration. The contest which arose between Shintoism and Buddhism, when the latter invaded Japan in the sixth century, was much the same as that which was fought out in China between Confucianism and the faith of Sakya Muni. In each case Buddhism supplied a spiritual want which the indigenous faith was unable to gratify, and it was received by the people of both countries with enthusiasm. In Japan stately temples were rapidly erected in all parts of the empire, and the people listened eagerly to the teachings of Chinese instructors and native priests. Nor was imperial patronage wanting to the faith. Several of the early emperors and empresses bestowed royal largesse on the church, and through the religious zeal of the empress Shiyautoku (770 A.D.) have been preserved the earliest specimens of printing known, in the shape of Buddhist prayers, which have been guarded by the custodians of the temples as sacred mementos of the fervent devotion of the munificent benefactress.

But, as has been the case in China, the faith of the people waxed faint as the centuries advanced. Carelessness and indifference succeeded to zeal and fervor; and the priests, sharing in the general decadence, too often forgot their vows until their vices became a byword among

men and their greed passed into a proverb. Under the influence of these blind leaders of the blind the people lost all trust in a religion whose doctrines they had never very clearly understood, and whose precepts they had long ceased to obey. In outward appearance, however, the Church still showed evidences of vitality. The temples were kept up in their old grandeur, the priests still mumbled through the services, and people, principally women, still flocked to the temples to record their vows and to ask for the protection of the Goddess of Mercy. By the sudden light, however, which was thrown on the faith at the time of the restoration, its practice was discredited and the anti-religious tone of the "new learning" condemned the system as demoralizing to the people and degrading to the State. This verdict was sufficient to justify the reformers of the day in disendowing and disestablishing Buddhism. With the same ease with which it had been originally adopted as a State religion, it was now relegated to the condition of an impoverished and despised sect. The priests, deprived of their government grants, not unfrequently deserted their temples, leaving them to the decay which rapidly overtakes neglected buildings in Oriental climates; and the bronze idols which had formed the objects of worship to generations of devotees were melted down to serve the more practical requirements of the State.

The prospect of the future as regards Buddhism was at this time dark indeed. Thrown over by the government, in many cases deserted by the priests, and opposed by the growing materialism of the age, there seemed little hope that the embers of the faith could ever be kindled again into a flame. But to a certain extent the influence which had produced the bane supplied also the antidote. With the civilization brought from Europe came also a renewed knowledge of the sacred languages of Buddhism, Sanskrit and Pali. The interest which this discovery evoked in the minds of educated Buddhists induced several scholars amongst them to come to England to study at Oxford and Cambridge the languages of India and Ceylon. With this revival of Buddhist zeal came a turn in the tide in favor of the neglected faith. The countenance of scholars encouraged a revival of devotional feeling among the people. The apparently dead bones of religious fervor were reanimated, and on all sides people flocked to the deserted shrines, restored

the ruined buildings, and erected others as spacious and imposing as any which had formerly beautified the land. In this good work the women took a leading part. Those who were rich subscribed largely of their wealth, others converted their ornaments into money which they laid at the feet of the priests, and not a few who were destitute of worldly goods undertook manual labor in the cause which they had at heart. Mr. Dickson mentions a curious instance of the devotion of such women in connection with the rebuilding of a temple at Kioto. "At the entrance of the temple," he writes, "were lying two coils of large rope, black in color, about four feet in height and six in diameter. These were made of women's hair, and were destined to the work in the future of pulling the *wani gutchi*, or the gong above the entrance, to call the divinity's attention to the worshipper. Each faithful creature had the thought that by the consecration of her hair she was not only helping on, but taking a part in the devotion of every worshipper."

A less promising direction has been given to the renewed religious zeal of the Japanese by an attempt which is being made to carry the faith of Buddha into Europe. A periodical entitled the *Bijou of Asia* has been lately launched with the sole object of advocating this religious crusade. Christianity, so says this redoubtable organ, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Its hold of the people professing its doctrines in Europe and America is rapidly losing its force, and the time has come when the true faith as represented by Buddhism should step in and occupy the ground from which the worn-out Christianity has receded. We may well smile at this proposed war of the pigmies against the giants, and may be content to leave these misguided enthusiasts, whose principal European ally appears to be Colonel Olcott, to the certain disillusion which will follow on their missionary effort.

Turning now from the mental and religious reforms which have agitated the country to those physical changes which have revolutionized the lives of the people, we are met by the most prominent among these, the introduction of railways. Rightly to appreciate the difference which this innovation has made, it is necessary to remember the nature of the conveyances by means of which travellers were in the habit of moving from one part of the country to another. Like all Orientals, the Japanese, up to the time of their con-

tact with Europeans, were accustomed to travel slowly and leisurely. Twenty or thirty miles was considered a long day's journey even by those who travelled with luxurious speed. Time had no particular value to them, and the temptations to loiter on the way were numerous and seductive. In most parts of the empire the scenery is extremely lovely, and, as in all countries where travelling is slow, the inns are the perfection of comfort according to native ideas. The first of these temptations appeals with double force to men who are proud of their country and who have an instinctive love of the beautiful; and the second is one which will be readily understood by all who have taken their ease in Japanese inns. After having been carried for hours in a *norimono*, or *kago*, the luxury of gaining a timely inn, and, surrounded by every comfort, receiving the ministrations of the trim, neat-fingered waitresses, is such as quite to account for the length of time commonly consumed on a journey. These inns were almost invariably placed on coigns of vantage, from which the choicest views of the surrounding country were to be obtained. The fare they provided was excellent, and the charges were so moderate that the farmer and artisan found it as cheap to travel abroad as to remain at home.

Thus there was every inducement to people to move about, and the great roads of the country testified by their overcrowded condition to the readiness with which the natives availed themselves of their opportunities. Every one acquainted with Japanese sketch books must be familiar with the scenes on the Tokaido, the great road leading from Yedo to Osaka. There are the daimios' processions with their double-sworded samurai and clouds of attendants, there are groups of equestrians, ladies in their sedan-chairs, itinerant vendors of wares, and companies of men and women laughing as they trudge along amid the sunshine and bright-colored flowers which bloom forth on every side.

It is true that the idyllic beauty of the highways was at times disturbed by the clash of arms. The presence of large bodies of armed men owing loyal obedience to various and often hostile feudal chieftains supplied at once an element of mischief which not unfrequently bore congenial fruit. So prominent was this evil that the great roads were placed under a department of state, to which every daimio or noble had to report an intended journey, and which was charged

with the duty of so arranging times and seasons as to prevent the possibility of hostile meetings. On one occasion, shortly before the abolition of the daimios, a chief was coming with his retinue to Yedo, when the Prince of Satsuma was going down to Miako. "In two days they were to meet on the Tokaido, when the whole country expected to see a fight, for which both parties were prepared." But the officer, hearing of it, sent peremptory orders to the chief to go round by another road, and so the encounter was avoided. For the preservation of peace the minutest regulations were found to be necessary, and any infringement of these commonly met with condign punishment at the hands of the samurai, whose swords were by no means glued to their scabbards. Various degrees of reverences and obeisances were carefully laid down for all ranks and classes, and a broad rule provided that the common people should at all times kneel down and take off their hats to passing nobles and daimios. It was for an infringement of this law that in 1862 Shimadzu Saburo ordered his followers to cut down Mr. Richardson, who, on meeting the daimio's procession on the Tokaido, failed to make him the required obeisance. But such incidents were fortunately rare, and the common aspect of the highroads was one of gaiety and bustle as "if all the year were playing holidays."

A great change has now come over these busy and amusing thoroughfares. With the reformation disappeared the daimios and their followings, with all their pomp of power, and now railways have so revolutionized the travelling habits of the people in the districts through which they pass that the great roads are comparatively deserted, even by the humbler folk, and the inns are left desolate. But throughout its reforms the Japanese government has had in view the material advancement of the country only; and, seeing in railways a means of strengthening the national defences and adding to the prosperity of the people, it has urged on their construction with untiring energy and success. The first which was opened was the line from Yedo to the port of Yokohama, a distance of eighteen miles. The gauge was three feet six inches, a gauge which has since been generally adopted; but, unlike all the other iron roads, this one has double ways. First experiments are always expensive, and this was no exception to the rule. The whole cost of the line was 616,734*l.*,

or at the rate of 34,263*l.* per mile. It was opened in 1872, and during the following year 1,223,071 passengers travelled on it. But, large as this return was, that of 1884 was nearly double, the exact number for that year being 2,172,105.

At first the government proposed a railway policy by which a trunk line was to be run through the length of the empire. But by the light of the bill for the Yedo and Yokohama railway this was shown to be too expensive an undertaking, and the authorities were obliged to content themselves with making short lines in districts chiefly requiring them. In 1874 a railroad was opened connecting Osaka, the great commercial city of Japan, with the coast at Kobe. This line was rather longer than its predecessors, being twenty-two miles, and the cost per mile was 33,970*l.* When it is recollected that these lines traversed a level country without any serious engineering difficulties, the length of the bills becomes as surprising as the patience of the government in paying them without a murmur. Shortly afterwards this line was extended to the ancient capital of Kioto, a distance of twenty-seven miles, and in 1879 a still further extension was built to Otsu (eleven and one-half miles) on the beautiful Lake Biwa. A considerable reduction was made in the cost of these sections, about 20,000*l.* per mile being the amount paid. Even with this and the still higher rate of expenditure incurred, the traffic has been sufficiently large to make the lines remunerative. Like the Indians and the Burmese, the Japanese rapidly develop a taste for railway travelling, as is sufficiently shown by the fact that, in 1884, 2,653,872 passengers, or about one-fifteenth of the population of the empire, made use of the line between Kobe and Otsu. Other railways from Tsuruga to Ogaki, from Temiya to Horonai, and between other points, have since been constructed, and the work is still going on with all the energy belonging to the Japanese character. Not only is the government cordially co-operating in undertakings which pay so well, but a railway company with a capital of twenty million *yen*, or dollars, has been formed for the purpose of securing some of the profits. The districts through which the present lines have been made are no doubt some of the richest in the empire, but there remains a stretch of country not less densely populated and prosperous, between Ogaki and Yedo, which has yet to be invaded by the iron horse. In fact, all

the central provinces of Japan show a capability for almost unlimited development. In the other portions of the empire there will probably be more difficulty in constructing lines, and the returns will be less favorable; but as part of a policy of developing the country they are inevitable, and the leaps and bounds by which the traffic returns on the existing lines have gone up afford some hope that even these may not be unremunerative.

In one respect railways in Japan must always have to face serious competition. The formation of the islands, stretching as they do in a long, narrow line from north-east to south-west, and indented as they are by numerous deep bays and the celebrated island sea, is such that at no point in the country is the sea very far distant. The adoption, therefore, of steam vessels has enabled people to get about from place to place, and goods to be transported, with remarkable ease and economy. Coasting steamers of all sizes and capabilities carry on a thriving trade under conditions which were unknown under the old *régime*. The coast has been thoroughly surveyed and mapped out; lighthouses warn the sailor of dangers; and the now well-understood regulations with regard to the lights to be carried at night are strictly enforced. Under these favorable conditions voyages along the coast have lost their terror to timid passengers, and the possibility they afford of travelling by night has shortened the journey by one-half.

Simultaneously with railways, telegraphs, and, later again, telephones were introduced to this very receptive country. The Chinese have, for the time being, stopped short at telegraphs, but not so the Japanese. They were as eager to travel quickly, as to communicate with each other quickly, and, while making railways they put a girdle of telegraph wires round and across the empire. The first line was constructed in 1869, and extended for eight hundred and forty yards only, between a lighthouse and Yokohama. The next, following the line of the railway, was from Kobe to Osaka; and then, when the great trunk line of railway from Tokio to Nagasaka had to be abandoned, its place was taken by telegraph wires. At first one wire was stretched across the eight hundred and seventy miles of land, and under the 1,118 yards of sea separating Nipon from Chôshiu. But this was soon found to be insufficient for the purpose, and two others were added. Stretching again northwards from Tokio, wires were

carried to Awomori and thence to Yezo, where the "lightning wires" must have added a new cause of amazement to the hairy Ainos.

Gradually the network of wires has spread over the whole country, until, it is not too much to say, Japan is as well supplied with these useful means of communicating thoughts as we are in England. These results could not have been attained if it had not been that the natives eagerly welcomed the innovation. They had already practised a system of telegraphic signalling. At Osaka, for example, where the different markets are scenes of great excitement, Mr. Dickson tells us that

each godown has a little platform on the roof, on which a man stands with a glass and a flag. In walking about the streets at Kobe one may be attracted by a girl standing at a corner of a house in the open street with a flag in her hand, going through an apparently vigorous but aimless whirling of her flag, paying no attention to passers-by, and they paying none to her: on she goes, whirling the flag first one way, then stops, looks up at the hills for a second, then whirls back in the opposite direction, then again looks at the hills, and then goes through a series of waves of the flag like a mad woman. If one follows the direction of her eyes, one may detect high up on the hill a little flag apparently reflecting every movement of hers. That is the flag which is watched with telescopes from the housetops at Osaka, and the items of information as to price or rate are at once carried to the principal.

But the telegraph wire has improved upon this system, and so much have its services grown in demand that, from July, 1885, to March, 1886, no fewer than 1,829,310 messages were sent out from the offices. Payment for these produced 541,499 *yen*, which, if we may judge of the expenditure incurred by the estimated outlay for the following year, 1886-87, probably realized a profit. At first Europeans were of necessity employed in all offices connected with the telegraphs requiring skill and knowledge, but these have now been replaced by natives, who are trained in schools especially established for the purpose, and, within the last year or two, women have been enlisted in the service, and thus have exchanged their previous frivolous employments for the serious duty of transmitting market prices and general news to the furthest corners of the empire. The areas covered by telephones are naturally more restricted, only two hundred and thirty-three

miles being covered by these instruments; but their use is growing rapidly, and, before long, it is probable that they will be more generally employed than among ourselves. In the adoption of these and all other practical inventions the Japanese are keeping pace with the most advanced nations. The laboratories and workshops of well-known inventors are eagerly watched, and the results of their inventive skill find a ready home among the Japanese, with whom, a quarter of a century ago, the life of a European was not safe, and who were wont to regard the mechanical skill of Westerns as the inspired work of the author of all mischief.

Up to the time of the restoration the mode in which correspondence was carried on between distant places was uncertain and irregular. Special couriers carried the imperial despatches and the letters of the nobles and daimios, but no provision existed in any shape for the transport of the correspondence of the people, who were entirely dependent on chance opportunities for the means of communicating by letter with friends and relations at a distance. But with the new order of things post-offices were established in the principal towns, and, as the necessity arose, their number was increased, until in 1876 there were as many as 3,738 offices. Nine years later this number had become 4,136. From the first this reform was welcomed with even more than usual avidity by the Japanese. Railways and steamers had, in a certain sense, interfered with vested interests, and there were some, therefore, who could not look on their introduction without discontent. But no such fancied disability attached to the postal system. Far from throwing a single man out of employment, it provided work for many hundreds, and it was therefore hailed with universal approval. From the first the people made a ready use of it, and, in 1876, 27,825,366 letters were entrusted to it for delivery. This number at the time was considered enormous, but year by year the return increased until, in 1885, the figures of 1876 were nearly quadrupled, the exact number being 97,216,019. Nearly the same proportional increase occurred in the case of newspapers, the numbers being respectively 4,077,095 and 15,258,671. But the return of books and parcels in 1885 was nearly seven times as much as in 1876, the 317,837 books, etc., of that year having become 2,594,156 in 1885.

To any one who has had experience

of Japanese letters, the statement that a large number are annually returned to the dead-letter office will not appear surprising. In the old days any great accuracy of address was considered unnecessary, since the letters were commonly accompanied by verbal instructions to the friendly bearer as to the dwelling and position of the recipient. The habit of indifference in this respect is one which the people have found it difficult to overcome, and the result is that a large number of letters are never delivered at all. In 1885, 22,870 letters were returned as "dead." During the year before a still larger number had shared the same fate—28,308; and of these 19,749 were destroyed, after every effort had been made to discover their proper destination.

As part of the postal system money orders have been introduced with success, and the authorities even preceded us in the adoption of telegraph money orders and postal notes. We have not as yet seen a return of the number of these two last kinds of orders; but we find that, in 1885, no fewer than 733,639 postal orders, representing 5,762,545 *yen*, were issued. An even larger sum (7,820,148 *yen*) was deposited in the postal savings banks during the year, thus supplying a most practical testimony to the entire confidence of the people in the government.

But while these peaceful administrative changes have been in course of introduction, the defences of the empire have by no means been neglected. Japanese illustrated works are full of representations of the native soldiers as they were dressed and armed before 1867. We see them in their coats of mail and their horned helmets, carrying spears, gingalls, and the inevitable sword or swords. Some were armed with bows and arrows, and their drill consisted of leaps, contortions of the body calculated to instil fear into the enemy, and the skilful use of their motley weapons. To any one witnessing a modern drill on the parade ground at Yedo, the recollection of the change which has come over the accoutrements, appearance, and manœuvres of the men suggests an interval of centuries instead of one of less than thirty years. With their usual energy and diligence the authorities have converted an ill-armed, undrilled rabble into an army which, apart from the number and height of the men, would do credit to any European state of the second rank. The soldiers are all armed with the newest weapons, they are dressed in neat uniforms after the French model, and they

march and wheel with the precision of veterans. The small stature of the Japanese becomes very noticeable on the parade ground, but experience has shown that this does not interfere with the martial qualities of the men. Bravery is natural to them, and the power of endurance they showed when engaged in the civil war of 1877, and in the invasion of Formosa, proves that they are no carpet knights. Under the old *régime*, when the forces of the empire were composed of a number of territorial armies depending on the daimios, it was difficult to arrive at a just estimate of the number of men under arms, and it is impossible, therefore, to compare the numerical strength of the feudal levies with that of the modern army. But the very accurate returns which are now kept in every department furnish us with full information as to different divisions of the land forces. From them we learn that there are 46,268 men on the active list, with a reserve composed of 91,489, and a territorial army, or second line of reserve, of 33,929 men.

As the ranks are filled by conscription these numbers, and especially those of the reserve, will continually increase, and the time will come when, as in Germany, a large proportion of the male population will have served their time. Although the pay which the officers and soldiers receive sounds little more than a starvation allowance to us accustomed to European rates, it is amply sufficient for the simple wants of the Japanese, who, far from resenting the idea of being compelled to serve, take a pride in a profession which gives a new dignity and power to the calling of arms.

The model on which the defences of the empire have been formed having been taken from France and Germany, the main strength rests in the army. And possibly, considering the enormous naval forces which any one of the European powers could bring to bear in case of a war, the Japanese have been wise in developing that branch of the service in which any invading power would be weakest. With the coast well fortified, and the land forces strong in numbers, discipline, and weapons, the navy may be regarded as the second line of defence. Thirty ships, however, of 41,616 tons burden, and carrying 172 guns, guard the shores. All these are armed with the newest and most destructive guns, and are manned by men who have been drilled by English officers, and who, according to those who are best able to judge, are smart and able seamen.

Great, however, as have been the intellectual and material reforms which have been effected, these would not have raised Japan to the position which she now occupies unless a firm basis, provided by a more or less popular government and a just administration of the law, had been at the same time established. From the time of the restoration the foundations of the government have been gradually widened, until now a complete system of representative government has been brought into existence. The system of administration and the laws of the land have been borrowed wholesale from Europe, with such modifications as have been found necessary to assimilate them to native ideas. Under the old order of things law can scarcely be said to have existed. The lives and property of the people were practically at the mercy of the daimios and the officials of the shogunate, and the only weapons which kept in check the tyranny which these persons might exercise were those of assassination and rebellion. The history of Japan supplies abundant evidence that these weapons were not allowed to rust. Time after time prominent officials were struck down by murderers, who on completion of the deed committed *harakiri* in testimony to the fact that they had been actuated by patriotic and not mercenary motives. Even within the last few years statesmen have fallen victims to the fanaticism or the outraged sense of justice of individuals or factions. For it cannot be denied that the new order of things has pressed heavily upon the middle classes. It was a just observation of Montesquieu that, according to the invariable law of nature, the measure of the public imposition increases with freedom, and diminishes in a just proportion to servitude. So it has certainly been with the Japanese. Under the rule of the daimios the taxes were light, and were collected under the orders of chieftains, who were actuated in the collection of them by feelings of regard and consideration for their clansmen. But with the assumption of sovereignty by the State not only were the taxes increased, but they were farmed out to agents, who demanded their pounds of flesh with inexorable severity, and the result has been that, in spite of the advantages which education and material civilization have showered on modern Japan, there are to be found some who still sigh for the time when the daimios held sway, and before the outer barbarian had invaded the sacred soil of Nipon.

The first step towards that system of representative government which has ever been before the eyes of the reformers was the establishment in 1875 of locally elected bodies in the nature of the county councils lately brought into existence among ourselves. The duties of these councils were to assess the taxes, and to administer generally the affairs of each locality. With the wisdom which appears to have guided the Japanese in all their recent measures these councils were intended to educate the people up to the idea of Parliamentary government, and at the time of their institution the mikado gave the nation a pledge that a new constitution, which should include a house or houses of representatives, should be promulgated during the present year. This promise has been kept, and an upper and a lower house now form part of the administration of the country. Five orders of nobility, answering to dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, were created to supply members to the House of Peers, and the possession of either land to the taxable value of six hundred dollars, or an annual income of one thousand dollars, entitles householders to vote for the election of the three hundred members destined to sit in the lower house. At the present time five hundred nobles have been created peers, and have been endowed with all the privileges enjoyed by the nobility in European countries, subject to some few modifications such as were necessarily suggested by the circumstances of the case. Females are barred from succession to titles, and no peer is to be allowed to marry without the consent of the minister of the imperial household. It was not to be expected that men suddenly raised to the peerage should in all cases remember that *noblesse oblige*, and it was considered essential, therefore, that this condition should be inserted to prevent *mésalliances* which might bring the new order into discredit. To avoid a like dishonor it is further ordered that peers should provide such maintenance for their near relatives as to obviate the possible disgrace of having nobles associated by family ties with persons occupying menial positions.

Pari passu with the development of representative institutions, the administration of the law has undergone a succession of beneficent reforms. No longer do the rulers exercise a summary jurisdiction over the people. No longer can it be said that a cruel and malignant chieftain can outrage the inalienable rights of humanity

and justice or that mercy can so be bought that

Qui nil habet quo torqueat leges, miser
In pelle pauper plectitur.

All the corruptions and impurities which in past times disgraced the administration of so-called justice have been abolished. The courts have been swept and garnished, and even-handed justice is meted out to all—to peasants as well as to nobles. The prefects and district magistrates, who exercised jurisdiction on the Chinese model, have gone the way of the daimios and double-sworded samurai, and in their place has been established an imposing staff of judges and magistrates after the manner of the French judicial administration. Two hundred and six judges and magistrates, with nine hundred and sixty-nine deputy judges, preside over two hundred and ninety-three courts, while sixty-one judges sit in seven courts of appeal to revise the decisions of these *tribunaux de première instance*. Suitors dissatisfied with the rulings of these superior courts are enabled to test the findings there delivered by the establishment of a supreme court of appeal, where as many as twenty-one judges take it in turns to pronounce final judgments.

Of course it would be quite possible to have this elaborate array of judges and magistrates without even a semblance of justice. But this is not the case in Japan. With the natives of that strange and interesting country we are dealing with a people the like of whom are beyond our experience. Judged by the standard which we have been accustomed to apply to Oriental races, it might fairly have been assumed that their enthusiasm for European civilization was but the result of the childish delight of a semi-barbarous nation in some new thing. But the reforms that have been introduced into Japan have been undertaken from a sincere desire to place the country on an assured position in relation to the Western powers. From the time when the mikado frankly accepted the European treaties, his government has pursued a persistently progressive course, and it is impossible not to admire and respect a people who, through good report and evil report, have determined to act in all things according to the law. It would be well for the credit of certain of the treaty powers if they had always acted in the same spirit. But no infractions of treaty obligations or blustering demands have made the Japanese swerve from their obligations, and the result has been that

in nine cases out of ten the disputes which have agitated the diplomatic world at Yedo have ended in moral victories to the Japanese.

It is the deep conviction of the sincerity of its aims and the justice of its plea which makes the Japanese government so earnest to abolish the ex-territoriality clauses from the treaties. The existence of these it regards as a slur on its honesty and as a badge of barbarism. The ministers point to the complete abolition of cruelty and torture from judicial procedure, and to the establishment of a reign of law which has put an end to tyranny and injustice; and they ask the treaty powers to place sufficient confidence in their good intentions to entrust them with the complete exercise of judicial rule. The American government has recognized the justice of this demand and has ceded the point. The European powers have shown less disposition to do so. The saying of Napoleon, that if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar, represents, to a certain extent, the feeling with which the Japanese are popularly regarded. People find it difficult to believe that whereas, a short time ago, they were haters of foreigners and oppressors of their own people, they are now walking in the paths of progress and liberty with all honesty and truth. It is a necessity of the case that due consideration should be given to this feeling. Some further time must be allowed to elapse before people will see and believe that the Japanese government is acting in good faith, and that the lives, liberties, and rights of foreigners may be safely entrusted to its absolute control. Meanwhile, a middle course suggests itself, which, while protecting foreign interests, might reasonably be accepted as a compromise by the Japanese. If, in all cases where Europeans were concerned, a foreign assessor sat on the bench to watch the course of justice, an effectual check would be put to any irregularities, should there ever be a disposition towards any, and, in the absence of such, the Japanese would have a free hand in the administration of the law. Such an experiment would not be altogether a new thing. In the British settlement at Shanghai there has existed for years a mixed court, in which a consular officer and a Chinese magistrate sit side by side. There, however, a more prominent part has to be played by the British assessor than would probably have to be the case in Japan; and yet, in spite of some slight occasional friction, the system has worked well, and

has satisfied all the expectations which its founder, the late Sir Harry Parkes, formed of it. It cannot be supposed that it would not be equally successful in Japan, when applied in the modified form required, and the *amour propre* of the Japanese must be sensitive indeed if so harmless a precaution can be offensive in their sight.

With this point settled the future relations of Japan with the Western world seem to be unclouded, and it is within her own borders that the only rift in the lute is foreshadowed. With the widening of her political sphere the mercantile energies of the people have found a development which has overstepped the bounds of prudence and threatens financial difficulties. The enormous amount of share capital issued in companies at home and undertakings abroad is out of all proportion to the real wealth of the people, and the result has of late been the creation of a dangerous pressure on the money market. The government has loyally stepped in to the relief of this "tightness" by the issue of an increased amount of exchangeable notes, on which a tax of five per cent. is charged, and it is to be hoped that by these means, and by a return to a sounder commercial system, the embarrassment may be removed. If the Japanese can steer clear of like dangers in the future, we have the utmost confidence that their marvellous efforts to make all things new will be rewarded by prosperity at home and by an increasing measure of sympathy and confidence from abroad.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER VI.

"A HUNTING MORNING.

THE roar of the morning gun has rolled up to the city and passed over the nearer cantonment. Two English lads are lying asleep in the open air, side by side, on a couple of bedsteads placed on a raised circular masonry platform which stands in the centre of a little circular garden in front of a small bungalow situated at the eastern or city-ward edge of the cantonment. These masonry platforms, raised a few feet above the ground so as to be

above its dust and heat and above the reach of reptiles, were very common adjuncts of bungalows in those days; they were built, not only for the purpose of sleeping out on at night, but of sitting out on in the cool of the evening — a form of enjoyment much in favor at a time when people did not dine late and badminton and lawn tennis were unknown. Most delightful is that sleeping out in the open air, beneath the open vault of heaven, across which the stars and planets are making their grand procession. The boom of the morning gun has passed over the house and rolled away over the valley of the Jumna, thinned over the vast stretch of arid fallow beyond; the morning light is increasing fast, but still the two lads lie locked in sleep.

A horseman enters the little compound, and riding into the garden and up to the platform shouts out, —

"What, you young scoundrels! not up yet —"

"Is that you, colonel?" cries a sleep-smothered boyish voice from the nearest bedstead.

"Yes."

"On your way home, sir?"

"On my way home!"

"From a midnight carousal — from some scene of revelry —"

"Come, none of your nonsense. You know it is morning, and not night. You promised to be ready by gun-fire."

The young lad, clad in the now well-known Anglo-Indian night garb, rises up in the bed, and throwing off the sheet, his only covering, and kicking off the terrier who has shared it with him, hurls a pillow at his brother sleeper with the cry: "Get up, Loo, you lazy beast!" The other replies with a smothered groan, a groan so monstrously deep as to be evidently of an artificial character. Then still in the same deep voice he chants: "You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again!"

"'Tis the voice of the sleeper, I heard him complain," sings out the other lad, turning his face towards the horseman and moving his hand towards his still prone companion.

"I will give you five minutes and no more to get dressed in," says the horseman.

"Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men!" sings the first lad, as he springs out of his bed on one side.

"For 'tis our hunting day!" sings the second as he jumps out of his bed on the other.

"Ho! Boodhun! Ho!" shouts one.

"Ho! Matadeen!" shouts the other.

"Where is my sooty slave?"

"Where is my prince of darkness?"

Messrs. Walton and Hill are the junior ensigns in the 66th N.I. The former is known as Tommy, his name being Thomas, or more commonly, from his smooth and chubby countenance, as the Babe; while the pretty, girlish face of Louis Hill has procured for him the name of Louisa, shortened to Loo. The two boys are overflowing with youth and silliness — the undesirable combination of an old head on young shoulders does not exist in their case. They are full of fun, and frolic, and foolishness. The dusky valets for whom they have shouted, and who are now busy helping them to dress, are the subjects of many a jest and joke; but neither of them has ever received a painful or degrading kick or blow or buffet from "master." "It would be cowardly to hit a fellow who cannot hit you back again," say both the lads. They are both as gamesome as colts, but there is nothing low, or mean, or vicious, or dishonest about them.

Shall they not rejoice in their youth? Are they not lords of themselves? Are they not as lords in the land? Have they not a bamboo cart between them? Have they not bull-dogs, terriers, guns? Has not each of them a pony of his own, and another between the two? Have they not a house of their own and many servants? Are they not in the Military Service of the Honorable the East India Company — well placed, made men for life? Do they not wear a sword?

They are soon dressed. They are soon hastily swallowing the tea which another of their servants, the khidmutgar, has brought them, together with some buttered toast.

"Take something to eat," says the horseman good naturedly. "I will give you an extra five minutes for that. It is not good to be out in the sun on an empty stomach."

"We have already provided against that contingency, sir," says Tommy Walton.

"Have you? How?"

"We took something to eat a little while ago."

"Something to eat! A little while ago!"

"Yes, and something to drink, too. We had some grilled bones —"

"Grilled bones!"

"And baked potatoes —"

"Baked potatoes!"

"With a little beer."

"Beer!"

"I took anchovy toast," says Master Hill reflectively.

"Anchovy toast! Grilled bones! Beer!" cries the horseman. "When?"

"At two o'clock," says Loo Hill.

"Half past by the clock," says his companion.

"Two it was — Thomas, thou son of Didymus," rejoins his friend.

"Where?" asks the man on horseback.

"At the mess."

"Oh, I see; you were having a little supper."

Two dapper syces or grooms have brought up a couple of ponies. We do not speak from any personal knowledge, but still we are perfectly sure that the visits of his Grace the Duke of Westminster to the stable of Bend Or were not more frequent, or more productive of pride and pleasure and satisfaction, than were the visits of Tommy Walton to Loo Hill to the stables of these two animals.

The three horsemen have soon reached the road which runs along the top of the Ridge, and as Colonel Grey — he has a small and slight but well-knit figure, and a bright, clever, handsome face, broad-foreheaded, blue-eyed, aquiline-nosed, broad-chinned, with a sweeping moustache curling up at the ends and yellow-colored, of which same color is his hair — gives the reins there to his splendid Arab horse, a dark bay with black points, they have soon passed over it. This road ends in another which leads out from the Ajmere gate of the city. This they follow, not citywards, but the other way, countrywards, until they come to a high brick wall running along its edge. They pass in at a high gateway, by which stands a sentry. The grounds they have entered on exhibit a combination of park and garden, and, as the Babe remarks to Loo Hill, recall to mind "the Zoo;" for under these lofty, wild cotton-trees stands a zebra, and under these tamarind-trees is chained a rhinoceros; in this strong wooden cage a magnificent Bengal tiger is pacing to and fro; they pass by a little tank in which strange water-fowl are floating or wading; here is an aviary, there a monkey-house; beneath these mango-trees is tethered a twelve-tined stag; here is a black bear, with his pit and his pole; they pass by an enclosure in which stand some spotted deer; and in this paddock paces about that huge, strange animal, the English dray-horse. The road they are on, after winding round

a large, circular flower-garden, enclosed by a thick laurel hedge, leads up to the fine, tall-columned portico in front of the mansion, which, though only one-storied, well deserves for its size and stateliness the name of *mahal* or palace, by which it is commonly known. But Colonel Grey leaves it and enters on a smaller side road which runs towards a bungalow situated in a separate corner of the grounds.

The Rajah Gunput Rao, to whom this palace belongs, is remarkable for his friendly relations with the English; he is very fond of their society, has almost daily intercourse with them; he plays cards and billiards with them; has coursing matches and cock-fights with them; goes to their entertainments and gives them entertainments in return; he often has them to live with him, but not under his own immediate roof — differences of manners and customs, and personal habits and personal requirements, social and religious prejudices, forbid that. He has had this separate bungalow built and furnished for their special use and accommodation; here they may eat and drink and sleep in their own elaborate and uncomfortable, and in many respects to him horrible, fashion. "Tis our hunting day!" had sung one of the light-hearted lads, and they find the hunting-party assembled in front of this bungalow — three or four of their brother officers on horseback; natives on foot carrying rifles and guns; shikarees, or huntsmen, with hounds in leash; falconers with hawk on wrist; led horses.

The stout man who is looking at the hawks and talking to the falconers is the Rajah Gunput Rao. He is a big, stout, jovial-looking man, an eastern counterpart in face and figure of the "Regalantuomo," the late Victor Emmanuel of Italy. His short beard is divided in the middle and brushed upwards on either side; his moustache is brushed upward; and his nose, as would be expected from the resemblance indicated above, has a strong upward turn too. In his dress you observe that intermingling of the East and West, which is so curious and interesting to watch in India. Of course he wears a turban; so much significance is attached to the head gear that that is the last to be changed. He also wears an Oriental short jacket and has a cummerbund round his waist; in one ear he carries a large circlet of gold wire, on which is strung one single pearl of great size, and he has a gold torque round his neck. But he also wears a pair of English-fashioned cordu-

roy breeches and gaiters, and English-fashioned boots. He advances towards the new-comers with a light, springy gait, remarkable in a man of his size. He and Colonel Grey exchange most cordial greetings; they are great friends.

"I am afraid I am a little late," says the colonel, in the Hindustanee he speaks so well — the rajah does not speak English. "It was these *baba logue* (children) who delayed me," pointing to the two young ensigns.

"They are indeed *baba logue*, *buchas*" (young 'uns), says the stout man, smiling. "We will now start at once."

He mounts a magnificent horse, whose condition and appointments also display the influence of Western ideas; a horse which has not been fattened up so as to resemble a beer-barrel, whose mane and tail are not plaited or his legs colored; who does not carry a padded saddle with rope reins and a broad standing martingale of cloth; who has his ribs just showing, with a coat like satin, and who bears an English hunting-saddle. The rajah sits him well. When the cavalcade reaches the gateway it is joined by a light bamboo cart, drawn by a small pair of bullocks. On this sits, chained and hooded, the hunting leopard, to witness whose performances is one of the chief objects of their coming together this morning.

They proceed along the Ajmere road for about a mile, until they arrive at the edge of the huge barren plain extending over many a mile, which is to be the scene of the sport, if they are fortunate enough to get any. They are to be so fortunate; the rajah scans the plain through a pair of English binoculars, and immediately announces that there is a large herd of antelope upon it, not very far off. They all dismount; only the rajah and his English guests and the cart with the leopard and its attendants move forward on to the plain; the grooms and horses and dogs, and falconers, and all the other attendants are left in the shelter and concealment of the magnificent avenue of trees by the side of the road. Now they have come in sight of the herd of antelopes. It is a large one. As usual, the females with their young keep together in a close mass; the young bucks form small separate herds, and the old "black" bucks move about by themselves in solitary grandeur. Two of these, whose tall, spirated horns and jet-black sides are indicative of their age and of the strength and wariness which have enabled them to keep the horns on their heads so long, are

engaged in a fierce combat — perhaps for the possession of a lovely young fawn, perhaps for the possession of a bit of green herbage, just now rare — and the quick, sharp strokes of their horns resound over the plains like the clatter of single-sticks. But at sight of the cart, perhaps at smell of its occupant, they disengage, and with a bound or two into the air rush swiftly away.

The rajah now manœuvres the cart, which he directs himself, so as to get it near to a fine young buck feeding by himself on the plain. He makes all the natives move on the side of the cart towards the animal, while all the Englishmen, who are more likely to startle him, walk on the other. He does not, of course, direct the cart straight at the buck, but edges up to him gradually, making him believe that the cart is moving towards another point of the plain. The young buck is feeding eagerly; he has come to a little cup in the plain in which the herbage is soft and succulent; he is perhaps apprehensive that a bigger buck may come and drive him away — he must make the most of his opportunity. The rajah gives a signal. The cart is stopped, the hood is whipped off the leopard's head, the quick-eyed beast has caught sight of the quarry and leaped noiselessly to the ground, and begins to move towards the antelope with soft, soundless footfall. Now is the moment of excitement. Will he get near enough to make his rush? His gleaming eyes are fixed intently on the feeding antelope; he moves with long, slow, silent footsteps, his tail straight out and slightly raised, the mane or ruff of hair, which procured for his tribe the name of *Leo*, erect and bristling. The cart had been stopped about one hundred and fifty yards from the antelope. The leopard has got over a third of that distance before the antelope has become aware of his presence. The young buck starts, he moves away a little. The leopard begins to trot, then to canter — both soundless. The antelope now darts away at fullest speed, and the leopard makes his rush, flies after him with inconceivable rapidity. The speed of both is now indeed, by actual timing, greater than that of any other four-footed animals on the face of the earth — greater than that of horse or greyhound. The leopard has reached, has struck; they are both on the ground together.

The rajah and the others rush forward. The swift-footed, excited English lads are the first to reach the struggling pair; but they start back, absolutely appalled, from

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the ferocious gleam in the leopard's eyes that greets their near approach. The deer, a fine strong young animal, is still full of life and strength, but he is so paralyzed by fear, that deadliest of the emotions, that he lies quite still while the leopard is pressing him to the ground—mark the flaccid relaxation of the body of the one animal, the fierce straining of every limb of the other—and driving his long, sharp fangs deeper into his throat. But now the leopard's keepers have come up. They cut the antelope's throat and receive the jetting stream in the large wooden ladle the leopard is usually fed from, and then hold the warm fluid under the leopard's nose, so that the reek of it rises up into his brain; he relaxes his deadly grip, lets go, and begins to lap eagerly at the warm, rich fluid still glowing with life. While so engaged the hood is once more drawn over his head and the collar put round his neck. The antelope is dismembered. The limb first cut off is held close to the bowl, which the leopard has no sooner emptied and licked quite dry than he seizes on the meat with a vice-like grip; the two men holding the two chains attached to the collar pull them taut, so that the leopard can only move backward and forward; the man holding the joint of venison by the bone, draws the growling, purring beast gently to the cart and then lets it go; the leopard leaps on to the cart, the chains are secured, and he is left to devour his lump of flesh.

The horses are again mounted, for the next sport to be indulged in is that of hawking. The falconers, men of great importance at the courts of Eastern princes, as they were once at the courts of Western monarchs too, now come forward. Each of them carries on his wrist a hooded peregrine, the noblest of the tribe; the chief falconer carries the falcon, the female bird, while his assistant carries the smaller, the less strong, the less fierce male bird, the tiercel. The latter is thrown at the small birds they find on the plain, and affords many an amusing if not very long or very exciting gallop. Walton and Hill enjoy the sport which they are engaged in for the first time immensely. When the birds skim along the surface of the ground it resembles that of coursing. This goes on for some time; but no opportunity has been afforded for the nobler kind of sport attendant on the flying of the falcon, and the rajah is getting impatient. He is very proud of his falcon, and wishes to display its performances. But at length the wished-for quarry presents

itself. They sight a large, black-backed crane standing quite still, with its head buried in its shoulders, and looking in this attitude very much like a man in a long-tailed coat. The chief falconer unhoods the falcon and sets her free. She sights the crane and darts towards it. The crane, too, has sighted the coming foe, but with its heavy body it takes it some time to launch itself into the air; first it has to run, and then half run, half fly for some distance, before it can gain the impetus needed to do so. In the mean while the falcon is rushing toward it through the air, the horsemen along the surface of the earth. But no sooner has the crane himself quitted the earth than he proceeds to try to place himself at once as high above it as he can. He plies his broad pinions and goes rising in circles higher and higher into the air. And the falcon goes soaring up after him. It is a pretty sight. And now the sport no more resembles that of coursing. You can no longer ride with your eyes scanning the ground as well as the birds. Now is the time of danger and excitement. You must ride with your eyes fixed high up in the air, blindly, trusting only to your horse. Down come Tommy Walton and his pony; the Babe is much bruised and shaken, the surface of the plain being as hard as a prison-yard or brick-field. But he is up and off again in an instant; nothing short of a broken neck would have prevented him from mounting again. And still the birds are striving to outsoar one another. At length the peregrine has gained the ascendant, the point of advantage, and drops like a thunderbolt on the big, awkward bird beneath; she is almost on the top of the crane; it seems as if she must strike it and bring it to the ground; but, impelled by the imminence of the peril, worked on by the strong instinct of self-preservation, the crane performs a most extraordinary movement; he doubles up his wings and legs and neck and makes a turn in the air; the falcon has missed its aim, lost its chance, its advantage, for, unable to stop itself, having fallen like a stone, it continues to descend fathoms deep towards the earth. The potent force of gravity is no longer an ally but an enemy, no longer with it but against it. The crane pursues his onward way with renewed vigor, plying his big wings hard to make the most of his advantage. But the falcon is a princely one; she rallies splendidly; she regains her position by a quick upward shoot, and soon begins to recover the distance she has lost. And now both

birds are doing their best, and the horse-men have to do their best, too, to keep them in view.

"Tally-ho!" shrieks the Babe.

"Yoicks! yoicks!" yells Loo Hill.

How their heels are working at their ponies' sides! They are wild with excitement. So furious and fearless is the riding of both of them that they by no means occupy a rearmost rank among the rushing horsemen. Once it had seemed as if the birds must get out of sight even of the rajah and Colonel Grey, who, racing one another, are well ahead of the others. But now the flight of the birds gets slower. The falcon has regained the superior position, the upper place, and is now floating over the crane and making short dashes at it whenever its defensive, upturned bill is for a moment diverted. Floating feathers indicate a successful hit, and each dash makes the crane descend a few yards from its lofty course. At last the crane begins to make for the earth in a long, descending line. The birds are then lost to view of all. They have been marked down. But when the horsemen arrive at the spot where they fell they cannot see them or find them. They had evidently descended in a narrow belt of jungle bordering a little drainage line which pursued its devious course across the plain; the crane had evidently made for the shelter of the jungle. "I saw them fall behind this tree," says Colonel Grey, "and I rode straight for it." But the men on foot have come up too, and still the search—even the eager search of Tommy Walton and Loo Hill—has not proved successful. A jackal or fox may go to earth, but the birds must be above ground.

"She must be found," says the rajah. The falcon has cost him a great deal of money, but that is not what he is thinking of; it will be so difficult to get another one like her; she is a bird of such rare strength and spirit and training. And so a more strict and systematic search is entered upon. "Here they are!" at length cries one of the falconers in a joyful voice. They all crowd to the spot. There, down in the narrow drainage channel, is the crane leaning against one of its sides, dead beat, while the falcon is hopping around it, and making feeble, vicious clutches at it, which the crane is feebly warding off. Neither seems capable of flying another yard. The falconers jump down and seize the crane, and are about to wring its neck, when the rajah cries out,—

"No, do not kill it. Carry it up to the palace. Let it be kept as a memorial of this splendid run."

The falcon, too, has been secured. The run has brought them back to the Ajmere road. It has been a long and fast one; men and horses are bathed in sweat; the clothes of the riders are in fact as thoroughly drenched as if they had been caught in a heavy shower. It is a morning in May. The sun is getting overhead. The sweet coolness of the morning has passed away; the hot discord of the day is about to begin. They have not made any use of the guns and rifles they have brought out; but they can enjoy that kind of sport any day. They determine to take advantage of the road, and return home in the as yet cool shade of the umbrageous avenues which border it on both sides.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNPLEASANT QUESTION.

THE Rajah Gunput Rao is in high good humor as he and Colonel Grey ride in the cool shade side by side and talk over the incidents of the run. The talk about that has ended, but the look of joy and satisfaction still lingers on the rajah's face. He is lounging easily in his saddle. His horse is a splendid walker. The rajah's intercourse with the English has been greatly promoted by his love of horses; he himself, notwithstanding his bulk, is an excellent horseman. It is an inherited accomplishment, he being a Mahratta by birth. He is a great patron of the turf; has himself an excellent stable. He recalls how in that splendid run he had held his own against Colonel Grey, notwithstanding the great difference of weight between them; and hence the continuance of the look of satisfaction on his face. But a swift and sudden and curious change comes over it, when Colonel Grey breaks the silence by asking: "Rajah Sahib! what did the Nana Sahib go to Lucknow for the other day?"

The face loses the frank, open expression, and becomes secret and close. There is on it a sudden cunning, crafty look, which descends on it like a veil, like a thing from without—it does not seem natural and innate. There is a professional, a tribal, and a national, as well as an individual look. The open, good-humored look on the rajah's face is his own individual one; this cunning, crafty look the tribal one. Those were the two main characteristics of the Mahratta race.

Its power had first risen by their exercise; they had always characterized, not only their dealings in peace, but also their operations in war. Gunput Rao is a cousin of that Dhondoo Punt, more commonly known as the Nana Sahib, whose name is destined to stand out in letters of blood in the annals of the coming year.

"Oh!" says the rajah, "merely on a pleasure trip — to amuse himself."

"He went to Calpee, and then he came here on a visit to you, when I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance," says Colonel Grey, as he lights a cigar, "and now he has gone to Lucknow. I do not suppose he has made so many journeys in his life before."

"Since his uncle's death he is master of his own movements," says the rajah quickly. "He has greater command of money. He goes about to amuse himself — to see new places."

"I can understand his going to Lucknow or coming here to amuse himself. But to go to Calpee!"

Calpee was an out-of-the-way place, a decayed old town."

The rajah's face is still more ruffled. He does not like this questioning, more especially at the present time. We have to explain the reasons for this.

In the course of the eighteenth century the Mahrattas had become the leading Hindu power in India, and on the decay of the Mogul Empire it seemed as if they were about to re-establish the ancient Hindu sovereignty in the land. It was with the Mahrattas, and not with the Mahomedans, that we fought for supremacy. Their power had been founded by the cruel and crafty Sivaji, but had begun to decline in the hands of his feeble descendants, when it was reinvigorated and placed on a more lasting basis by the genius of a servant of the State, who rose to be peishwa, or prime minister. The power of the peishwa continued to increase, that of Sivaji's descendants, the princes of Sattarah, to decline. Other great leaders (and marauders) arose. They carved out kingdoms for themselves and extended the Mahratta confederacy; but the peishwa still continued to be recognized as the head of the commonwealth, as the centre of national unity. In the year 1818 the peishwa, Bajee Rao, was defeated by the English, and surrendered to them. He was deprived of his throne and kingdom, but he was allowed a pension, and within the limits of the small estate assigned to him at Bithoor, near Cawnpore, he was allowed to exercise

sovereign rights; he was also allowed to retain his title. Many held that he was treated with excessive and foolish liberality. An Eastern conqueror would have slain him and all belonging to him, thus preventing all future complications: "stone dead hath no fellow." Bajee Rao lived to see the English, with whom he had struggled on no unequal terms for the sovereignty of India, extend their power completely over the whole of the great peninsula. He did not die until the year 1851, only six years before the present time. He died childless, but he had adopted Dhondoo Punt, his nephew, known therefore as the Nana Sahib, as his son, and had besought the English government to let this adoption make Dhondoo Punt heir to his title and pension, as well as his private estate. In his will he had named Dhondoo Punt "sole master of the throne and the dominions of the peishwa." The East India Company, however, declined to continue to the Nana Sahib, the title or the pension, though it allowed him to retain the rent-free estate near Cawnpore. The Nana Sahib contended "that though the pension was a poor equivalent for the revenues of a kingdom, yet it was in common equity payable so long as those revenues were retained;" that to withhold the title and pension was to invalidate the act of adoption, and thereby "abrogate the Hindoo sacred code and interdict the practice of the Hindoo religion;" but he pleaded and contended in vain.

Two years before that time the principality of Sattarah, ruled over by the descendants of Sivaji, whose princes therefore formed the "royal house" of the Mahrattas, had been annexed by the British, on the death of the rajah without "male heirs of the body;" three years after it the principality of Nagpore was annexed for a similar reason, "by right of lapse." Within five years three of the great Mahratta houses had been extinguished by the English. The small principality of Jhansi, to whose chiefs we had ourselves given an independent status, had also during the same period been absorbed into the Company's dominions for a similar reason — failure of heirs of the body. The rane of Jhansi, only twenty-two years of age, but a woman of strong, fierce character, who subsequently fell fighting against us in the field, protested vehemently against this annexation as a most unjust and arbitrary measure. Now the rane of Jhansi and the Nana Sahib, and the Rajah Gunput Rao, who has just shown his English friends so excellent a

morning's sport, were nearly connected; and Calpee lies midway between Cawnpore and Jhansi, and Gunput Rao knows well enough why the Nana Sahib had gone there. And so Colonel Grey's persistent questioning on that point disturbed him, more especially at this time — more especially to-day. More especially now, when the increasing spirit of mutiny in the Sepoy army held out a hope of being able to overturn the English power to the many desirous of doing so; to the Mahomedans desirous of restoring their supremacy, political and religious; to the Brahmins, fearing the loss of their ancient power: to the representative of the Great Mogul, the king of Delhi, hopeful of the re-establishment of the ancient imperial position of his house; to the king of Oudh, desirous of regaining his kingdom; to the semi-independent, lawless barons of Oudh and elsewhere — birds of prey, who found themselves restricted in the use of beak and claw, turned into domestic fowl; to the Mahrattas, whose great commonwealth had begun to be dismembered. More especially to-day, when a band of emissaries, sent forth to stir up and foment the feeling of antagonism to the English power, is to arrive in Khizrabad, and one of the chief of them, a Mahratta, sent forth from the palace of the Nana Sahib at Bithoor, is to put up with himself.

But Colonel Grey had put the question casually, idly, of no set purpose. Ere the rajah, considering how to do so, can answer it, Colonel Grey has put him another connected with a subject of much more interest to the English people of Khizrabad than the movements of the Nana Sahib, viz., the anticipated deficiency of the ice in the pits.

And now they have reached the gateway of the rajah's palace, and the English officers take leave of him, after thanking him most heartily for the excellent morning's sport he has shown them.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSPIRATORS.

THE three travellers whom we saw crossing the bridge of boats have reached River Gate — they pass in — the sepoy standing on guard there looking curiously at them — and they move up the road leading from it to Star Street. That famous thoroughfare is crowded from end to end; these cool early morning hours have to be taken advantage of for business or amusement. It presents a very picturesque sight. It has not the gay,

tulip-bed look it has on a gala day, when the people come out in their many-hued holiday attire; but the crowd presents a brighter appearance than does any outdoor gathering of our own dark-clad countrymen. The sweetmeat makers are busy disposing of their luscious wares; the money-changers sit cross-legged behind their heaps of shells and silver and copper coins; the cloth merchants recline by the side of their bales and bundles; the silversmiths are at work on their little anvils; the brazier and coppersmith sits in the midst of his pots and pans and cauldrons; the grain-dealer is weighing out wheat and barley with a great pair of leather scales; sepoys saunter about with a lordly air and browbeat the shopkeepers and ogle the women; crows are cawing, kites keening, sparrows pecking at the heap of grain, from which the passing Brahminy bull takes a leisurely mouthful; the water-carriers move about, bent double under the weight of the goat-skin bags they carry across their loins, and tinkle their little brass cups and cry, "Water for the thirsty! water!" Pariah dogs prow about. "Remember the poor! Feed the hungry! Take thought of the needy! In the name of God!" shout the beggars. Women pass to and fro with faces veiled or unveiled. Loiterers loiter about, and the buyers are busy buying.

The travellers make their way through the busy throng of Star Street until they come to a cross street leading to the Ajmere Gate. This they follow until they arrive at a large square building lying just within the gate. They pull up before it, and after exchanging a few words the Mahratta moves on with his own following and passes out of the Ajmere Gate, so leaving the city again; his destination is the palace of his fellow-countryman, the Rajah Gunput Rao; the others pass into the big building. By the large open space within and the encircling rows of rooms; by the scattered groups of people; by the bales and bundles; by the rows of horses; by the kneeling camels; by the carts and bullocks; by the cinder-heaps and dung-heaps; by the stinks and stench; by the swarm of flies — you know this to be a serai, a word perhaps better known to the English reader as caravanserai.

The boom of the gun on the Ridge has proclaimed the midday hour. Its reverberation does not now, like the last one, pass through a cool fresh atmosphere, but through one glowing and quivering with heat. As its first report was the signal for the commencement of work and move-

ment, so is this for their cessation. The public offices, which were opened at six o'clock, are now closed. All the English women and children and most of the men have retired into the innermost recesses of their close-shut, darkened bungalows. The roads and streets are deserted. The fiery hot wind is blowing from the west; the fierce sunshine pouring down in fiery deluge. Heat and dust and glare usurp the day. Even the pariah dogs and the crows seek the shade; the sparrow sits with open beak. Only the kites continue to circle in the fiery air, amidst the fierce turmoil of the sunshine, and mingle their shrill cries with the rushing of the wind.

Usually at this hour quiet and stillness reign over the lines of the various sepoy regiments; the sepoy has bathed at the well, and prepared his little plot of ground — which then becomes holy ground, on which no rajah or nuwâb, not even the governor-general himself, may even so much as let his shadow fall — and cooked his food and eaten it, giving the fragments to the attendant crows and sweepers, and scoured his brass vessels, and smoked his hooqah and gone into his little hut to pass away the afternoon hours in sleep. But to-day at the lines of two of the regiments, the 66th and 76th, there is an unusual bustle and movement, an unusual issuing forth of men. And there is also, for the midday hour, an unusual bustle at the gate of the serai, an unusual passing in of men; and these men all have the unmistakable look and air of sepoys.

These caravanserais are generally miserable buildings. But this one forms an exception to the rule. It had been built as an act of public beneficence by one of the princesses of the royal house of Khizrabad in the day of its power and glory. The gateway in the centre of the side facing the road was a fine one, and in the centres of the other three sides of the square enclosure were fine large blocks of buildings intended for the use of the better class of travellers. These contained some fine large rooms. On a raised daïs at the end of one of these apartments sit the two travellers, the burly Mahomedan and the Hindoo with a military air, together with another Hindoo and another Mahomedan. The latter is named Rustum Khan (after the great Rustum) and is the soubahdar major, or senior native officer, of the 66th; while the other, named Matadeen Panday, holds a similar position in the 76th, the regiment to which William Hay, engaged and about to be married to Beatrice Fane, belongs. The faces of the two

men present a striking contrast. The Mahomedan has a full, low forehead, large, full eyes, a large, hooked nose, full cheeks, a large-lipped mouth, a full, broad chin. The Hindoo has a high forehead, very hollow over the eyes, very protuberant above; small, deep-set eyes; a long, thin nose running a little awry; hollow cheeks; a thin-lipped mouth and a long, pointed chin. On both a look of self-satisfaction; the one bold and jovial, the other sharp and shrewish.

There is a continual stream of men passing into the apartment; sepoys who squat themselves down on the floor, native officers who are presented to Mehndi Ali Khan, the Mahomedan traveller, and find a seat on the daïs or on rude wicker-work stools. It is easy to see that Mehndi Ali Khan is a man of rank, a man of very different stamp from all about him, who are all, even the officers, peasant born. His mode of speech is different from theirs; he gives to the words derived from the Persian and Arabic in their common Hindoostanee the proper original pronunciation; he says *zuroor* and *sahir*, while they say *juroor* and *jahir*; he gives to the oft-used word *maloom* (known) its deep guttural sound. There is a certain courtly grace in his bearing. He had held high offices at the court of Delhi; he had represented the nuwâb of Lucknow at Calcutta, until the fiat of the East India Company had extinguished the kingdom of Oudh and his own office with it. He was one of the most trusty and devoted adherents of the deposed nuwâb of Lucknow, or king of Oudh as we had made him, now himself resident in Calcutta, under surveillance, his kingdom shrunk to a park. Mehndi Ali Khan was now acting as the emissary of the plotting monarch, or rather of his plotting family.

The apartment is now quite full.

"We are all of one breath here?" (*hum-dum* — of one breath — conspirators), says Mehndi Ali, looking around him.

"All." — "All." — "All."

"There is no one here who is likely to betray us?"

"Not one."

"We have sworn by the Koran," says a Mahomedan.

"We have lifted the Ganges water," says a Hindoo.

"Then say what you have to say," goes on Mehndi Ali, turning to his Hindoo fellow-traveller, lately the senior native officer of the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry, disbanded for mutiny three months before.

"I have little to say. All you who hear me know why five hundred Brahmins like myself, three hundred Rajpoots of high caste, have been deprived of their daily bread and turned adrift on the world after they had served the English government for many years, in many places, where neither the air nor water were conformable—in many campaigns, on many battle-fields. Why? Because they would not pollute themselves, because they would not lose their caste—their religion. Five hundred Brahmins—three hundred Rajpoots! Would not you have done the same? What is there a man will balance or measure against his religion? Not the weight of gold or silver, not the length of life. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his caste? Will you lose your caste or keep it?"

"Keep it!"—"Keep it!"

"All that I have to say to you is this. I have journeyed from Calcutta to here. I have been to every station where sepoy regiments are quartered, been in the lines of thirty or forty regiments. They are all of the same mind. They will not let themselves be the victims of this base and cruel treachery. They will not let their caste be filched from them; they will not let their religion be stolen from them. They are firmly of one mind. I have seen many kings and princes and noblemen, rajahs and nuwabs and taluquaders and great zemindars. They are all of one mind. The reign of the English must cease. I have seen the people in the country and in the towns and cities. They are all of one mind. The reign of the English must cease. There may be some who do not wish to go against the English because of fear. Let them know that the fear is on the other side. It will be better for those who go against them than for those who side with them." He ceases, and there is an interval of silence.

Then a man in the assembly says: "The whole intention of the government is to take away our caste. They have ordered bone-dust to be mixed with the flour ground at their mills."

"And fat to be mixed with the *ghee*" (clarified butter, an article of daily consumption), cries another excitedly.

"And bone-dust to be mixed with the salt," cries a third.

"Faugh!"—"Phew!"—"What villainy!"—"What damage!"—"How terrible!"—"God preserve us!"

"And it is said that the flesh of cows and pigs is to be thrown into the wells,"

cries a fat-faced, goggle-eyed young recruit.

"*Yah Illahi!*" (O God!), cry the Mahomedans; "*Ay Purmesur!*" (O God!), cry the Hindoos, in one breath.

And then a silence of horror and disgust falls upon them. The horror and disgust find expression otherwise than by words. Heads are shaken; faces twitch; finger-joints are cracked; eyes are shut; some sniff strongly through the nose; some bend the head or turn it over the shoulder; mouths work; those near the walls spit under them.

"These things cannot be endured," says one man.

"They cannot be suffered," says another.

"Of course not," says a third; "how can we live without flour and salt?"

"And without water we are dead," cries the goggle-eyed young recruit.

"Yes, the whole intention of the English government is to take away our religion and caste, to make us Christians. The new governor-general has come out with express orders from the queen to do this," says the ex-soubahdar of the lately disbanded 19th. "He has passed a law permitting Hindoo widows to marry; and the children of the shameful women who do so are not to forfeit their rights of inheritance, nor those Hindoos who become Christians, as has been the law hitherto. The English officials have now withdrawn from the care and management of the endowments of our temples, from the management of our great religious festivals, in order that these may suffer. They write books in favor of their own religion and against ours. Some officers even preach. English schools rise up everywhere." "They have reduced, or taken altogether, the endowments of our mosques and colleges," puts in a Mahomedan. "And ceased to maintain our *Kasis* as state officials, so that our marriages are hardly legal," interpolates another. "They are establishing girls' schools." "They wish to do away with the *pardah* (veil-screen) and the *zenana*, so that our women may go about in the shameless way their own do."

"All these things prove the same intention," says the ex-soubahdar. "Formerly," he goes on, "the service of the Company was a good service. The sepoy had not to go far from his own home, not far from Ganges or Jumna. Now he is sent thousands of miles away, into strange and terrible places—is made to cross the

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sea. He gets no extra pay for doing so. He loses half his leave in getting to his house. Formerly he had special privileges, about his cases in court, about his letters, and in many other ways. These have all been taken away from him. There is now no gain in belonging to the service; rather loss. Nothing can weigh against the loss of one's caste. It certainly is not worth while to lose it for the sake of the Company's service."

"When the rule of the English has been set aside and that of the king of Delhi re-established," says Mehndi Ali Khan quietly, in his smooth, fluent voice, as if the change were a mere matter of course, "the sepoys may have to go to other parts of India in case of a campaign, but he will not have to cross the sea, and he will always be quartered near his own home. He will enjoy all the privileges he ever enjoyed under the Company, and more; he will be favored and cherished as a soldier should be. And he will then be able to attain to those higher ranks which the English people now keep greedily to themselves. They will then become captains and majors and colonels."

"That would be very agreeable," says the Soubahdar Matadeen Panday, with a sarcastic intonation in his voice and poking his long chin forward in a way he has. "But it may not be so easy to overturn the power of the English. They are great fighters. They have no fear. They are very brave and very crafty."

"Can we not be crafty too — and brave? Have we no manhood?" says Mehndi Ali Khan. "Why, Soubahdah Sahib, have you yourself not displayed great valor on the battlefield? And I think you can be crafty too," he adds, looking at him insignificantly. Then turning his face again towards the men in the hall, and waving his hand towards them, he exclaims in a louder tone of voice than he habitually uses, —

"Are you funk-sticks?" (so only can his colloquial expression of *dur-phunkna* be translated). "Do you allow that you are cowards — chicken-hearted — lily-livered? Are you brave men or cowards? — say."

"Brave men!" they shout.

"Of course," says Mehndi Ali Khan. He knew how to address himself to the braggadocio spirit of the sepoys. "All that is needed is that the whole army should be of one mind, one heart. Let all the regiments rise together against the English, and they will be swept away as a bank of earth is swept away by the Jumna when it rises in flood."

The conference has ended. Even Mehndi Ali's Hindoo fellow-emissary has retired to his own apartment. There are now on the dais only Mehndi Ali and his co-religionist, Rustum Khan the soubahdar major of the 66th.

"Did you observe how that dog of an infidel — that idolater of a Matadeen Panday — wanted to argue against me?" says Mehndi Ali.

"Yes," says Rustum Khan, "he is of a crooked disposition; he would do so merely to trouble you; but he also wished to enhance the value of his services —"

"But will the unbeliever be with us when the day of action comes?"

"He is a Brahmin, and therefore crafty — a trickster. But, as I said, he wished to enhance the value of his services. They are to be bought."

"Ha!"

"But he can now expect nothing more from the English but his pension. Let him be paid a sum that will satisfy him for the loss of that and he will be with us."

"It shall be looked to. And you will tell the Sikunder Begum why I could not wait on her. I must leave for Abdoolapore early this evening. It is necessary for me to be there early to-morrow morning. I do not know what course of action the decision of the court-martial may necessitate. You will tell her?"

"Yes."

"You will be sure to see her to-night?"

"Yes," says Rustum Khan, with a smile.

"Of course, yes," says Mehndi Ali, also with a smile.

The other, the Mahratta traveller, is now seated by the side of Gunput Rao on the dais in the rajah's own private apartment, on which he, the rajah, passes most of his indoor hours. For this dais supplies to him the place of bedstead, sofa, settee, chairs, and tables; serves him for bedroom, drawing-room, library, study. A carpet is a house in the East. In this huge apartment there is no other piece of furniture but this dais, with the exception of the globular earthenware jar for water with a silver cup on the top of it which stands in one corner. There is a very handsome carpet on the large square dais, but none on the cemented floor. That bare room gives the key to the economic condition of India. There the secondary wants have not yet been developed. There money is not spent on the purchase of numerous articles of convenience and comfort, and so usefully distributed, but

on the purchase of a few articles of luxury, on jewelry and gems — wasted on a numerous retinue of idle retainers, in marriage ceremonies, in donations to priests — or hoarded, buried in the ground. That hoarding has gone on to an enormous extent during the past fifty — more especially during the past thirty (post mutiny) — years; an enormous quantity of the precious metals have been withdrawn from circulation — and this doubtless has had its effect on the present disastrous disturbance of the relative values of gold and silver. When the use of knife and fork and spoon, of crockery and glass, becomes general in India, this will have a great effect on its social condition, on the caste system, even perhaps on its religious systems — a great one on its economic conditions. Imagine how the demand for such articles will be increased, how much useful industry will be set in motion! But to return to our narrative — only stating, on the other side, that the large, empty apartment has a calm repose and dignity of its own, and that its bareness makes it more cool and airy — things very desirable, at this season of the year at all events.

The Mahratta traveller was the visitor, the emissary of the Nana Sahib, whom the Rajah Gunput Rao has been expecting, which expectation had caused Colonel Grey's questions about the Nana Sahib to be so disturbing to him this morning.

The visitor, the emissary, presents in his person a strong contrast to his host; the rajah is big and burly, of a fine, stately presence; his newly arrived guest a small, slight, insignificant looking man. But insignificant looking as he is, this man, Tantia Topee, is to prove himself the only good commander on the side of the mutineers, the only one to display any dash or generalship in the field, the only one to inflict a reverse on the British arms. The complete absence of capable leaders, civil or military, on the side of the rebels and mutineers, was to prove one of the most notable features of the coming great convulsion.

"That is all that we wanted; the English government has done for us what we could not have done for ourselves; it has passed the weapon from its own hand into ours. It has made its army over to us" — the little man is saying — "its well-trained army, the source of its power. The English have turned the heart of the sepoy against them; done it the only way

they could, by setting his religion against his self interest. We have a great army ready made — infantry, cavalry, guns; three great armies. We seize the fortresses. We are masters of the land."

"Yes; but they will send an army from England to reconquer it."

"By the time they can do so we shall have possession of the whole country and all three great armies at our command. When this Bengal army has risen, those of Madras and Bombay will be sure to do so too. I do not think much of the Madras sepoys, but the cavalry is very good. The arsenals are full of the munitions of war. And what army could the English send? One that would not be half the size of any one of these three. Azemoola-Khan, who visited their camp, has told me how small was the army they could send against the Russians four years ago. No; they have only been able to conquer and keep India by means of their great sepoy army — by disciplining it carefully and arming it well."

"And leading it."

"We shall find leaders, men like Holkar and Scindiah. I will be a leader. We can employ other Europeans, Italians and Frenchmen, as we did before; capable men, such as Perron and De Boigne."

"But all this will end in putting the king of Delhi on his throne again, in restoring the sovereignty of the Mussulmans."

"That must be done at first. We must set up the king of Delhi against the English. His name is still a potent force. But we should have our own power restored. We should regain our lost principalities of Sattarah, Nagpore, Jhansi; and re-establish the supreme power of the peishwas. The English got rid of, other arrangements can be made hereafter. We might keep the king of Delhi on the throne and appoint our peishwa his guardian, as he was but a few years ago. But why should not we Mahrattas assume the supreme power? Almost the whole land was tributary to us. We should extend our possessions, found new kingdoms, as Holkar and Scindiah did. Why should not you and I become independent chieftains too? I should like to have the Punjab for my kingdom. I should lead an army thither and seize it. Oh, to lead armies and rule kingdoms, and not to be nobody as now!"

The little man has a large ambition.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE MODERN SPIRIT IN ROME.

"ON days," says Seendhal, "when I am wholly attuned for sympathy, I would be at Rome; but residing here tends to enfeeble the soul, and plunge it in a sort of stupor; there is nothing like alacrity, nothing like energy, to be seen; everything drawls and languishes." These words will find their response in the minds of most northerners who sojourn in the famous city of the Cæsars and the popes. Do what the modern Romans may, they cannot convince us that Rome is like other cities,—a place of commercial activity, of the deep, earnest thought that generates among large assemblies of men engaged in practical modes of life, a place, in short, of reality. We do not want that sort of thing here; and so, even if we see a semblance of it when we are among the ruined walls and columns of its past, we turn our backs on these a little pettishly. "If you stay here a week," say English people who have deserted their own land for Rome, "you will leave with no great regret. Your idea of Rome will be so confusing and formless that it will give you no more satisfaction than a puzzle you cannot solve. If you stay a month, you will begin to get fond of the place. And if you are so circumstanced (happily or unhappily for yourself) that you are able to spend three months among these ruins, and the churches and seminarists that flavor life as it is flavored nowhere else, you will, it is probable, yield to the kind of Roman fever that keeps men and women spell-bound here for a lifetime."

Rome and its people are in curious contrast with one another. To be sure, it will not be the fault of the speculative builders if the city does not soon take the character of its people. Twenty years ago this discord was not so marked. Papal Rome was somniferous to the last degree, an invention was something to be viewed at arm's length, and, when curiosity on the subject was sated, to be slighted and even villified as though it were a sin. Gregory the Fourteenth denounced gas in such terms as his predecessors applied to heretics and evil spirits. It was dangerous to display excessive originality in anything except the turn of an epigram or a sonnet, or the reading of an inscription. They who profit by the doctrine of passive obedience are not likely to look with sympathetic eyes upon men whose abilities do not submit to be tethered. It was due to this that in the old days almost all the flourishing artisans of Rome were for-

eigners,—men who were tolerated in the city only for the sake of the extortionate taxes that were imposed upon them.

The stern solidity that marked the old Romans as a class is well typified for us in the ruins of Rome that are still to be seen. One is stupefied by the sight of such edifices as the Colosseum and the ponderous walls of the Baths of Caracalla. And yet perhaps it is mere fancy that suggests the concord between a people and its buildings. Else, what of the Peruvians ere Spain came upon them, to put an end to their Incas, and to carry away their gold and silver by the shipload? Even Rome did not use for its palaces and fortifications chiselled rocks forty feet long by eighteen broad and six deep, such as the Indians of the plains of the Andes dragged scores of miles to the city for which they were destined. It is the same in Egypt and elsewhere. The hand of the despot (whether as capitalist or ruler) is declared in the magnitude of a nation's buildings, rather than in the character of the people. If the greatness of the former seem to be connected, like son and father, with the greatness of the latter, the affinity is one of chance only.

Be that as it may, there is as little resemblance between a modern Roman and his classical forefathers as between the Colosseum and the tall blocks of lath and plaster and cement which speculators are raising so fast in Rome for the modern Romans. One is prone to imagine that the fellow-citizens of the Fabricii and of the first Cæsars would have had more in common with Englishmen than with Romans of the nineteenth century. It were absurd to say this as a vaunt, yet the notion is borne home to one in many ways. One remembers Lockhart's words about Sir Walter Scott and his children, and cannot but apply them here. "The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle." Of stilted pretension, there is enough and to spare everywhere. Modern Italians have no monopoly of it. Indeed, the courtesy of demeanor which is one of the excellences of the Roman may be thought to be in absolute opposition to such a feature of conduct. A young Englishman, and many an old one too, shows much more of it on an average than his Italian coeval. As for the "inactive, inglorious humility" of character in the

Roman, now that Italy is under a king, that is likely to be less noticeable than formerly when Christian cardinals were the senators of the city. The humility of earlier days was Machiavelian to the core. No one, except the innocent and those born to be victimized, were deceived by it. The pope himself, who on gala days rode through the city upon a tranquil white mule, seeming to symbolize his Master's journey in Jerusalem upon an ass, was generally ready enough, when his interests demanded it, to issue an anathema or an interdict in comparison with which a blow on the face was a trifle.

In the Corso or in the Pincian Gardens, you may nowadays chance to see a Roman youth of noble blood, slim, smooth-faced and smiling as any girl, leading a bull-dog ugly as sin, and of such proportions that in the event of a quarrel between the dog and its master, it is not on the latter that you would be inclined to wager. The boy will most likely be elaborately dressed after the latest pattern; and you may be sure that he has not the ghost of an idea that he is as pretty and incongruous a figure of fun as ever tickled the wicked soul of a humorist. A youth like this is sure to be loved by the ladies of Rome as if he were Adonis himself. The doors of a hundred boudoirs are open to him, where he may look into the dark eyes of his adorers without the least thought of the husband of the owner of the dark eyes. The latter, poor fellow, before he surrendered himself into the matrimonial market, was just such a one as he. So long as he could retain his slim, elegant shape, depend upon it, if the state of his family territories allowed him to please himself, he continued to be one of Rome's butterfly bachelors. But the cruel hour arrived when prudence whispered to him that if he desired to make a pretty match he must lose no more time. Negotiations and contracts, and last of all the wedding itself eventually sheared him of two-thirds of his charms. The *cicisbeo* is not quite so accredited an institution as he was a century ago; but he still flourishes, and the Roman wife would, now as then, not hesitate to tell her husband he was an annoyance, if he gave her so much of his society that she was debarred from enjoying other society of her own heart's choice.

When the boy and his bull-dog have therefore sufficiently shown themselves to the fashionable world, he returns to his paternal home, and prepares for those evening hours the pleasures of which he is almost too young to appreciate. He

attains the reputation of a gallant without much effort. The fair dames of Rome tutor him in the ways of the world, and trifle lightly with his affections. Their preference for him is as much a matter for pride and congratulation in the esteem of himself and his brethren, as in England the achievements of a great traveller or a successful general are reckoned to be. As a rule, indeed, the boy may be safely left to the promptings of his own peculiar nature. He is the son of his father, and therefore likely to be at least as selfish as the ordinary man or woman since Adam. His father's maxims about the fair sex have stayed in his memory; those of the married men of his acquaintance run on the same line, and are sure to be amusingly bitter. If his own instincts do not make him accord with the opinion of those better able than himself to judge of womankind, he is an exception among men, and will probably give the ladies much entertainment ere he begins to grow fat and lose his beauty.

In the satire called "Morning" Parini, a hundred years ago, introduced an allegory which was assuredly in his day well applicable to social life in Rome, and which has a certain value as the portraiture of domestic incidents in the present age. Venus, it was said, had two children, the one Hymen and the other Love, who were wont at first to go to and fro in the world, exercising their influence over the human race in company. The child Love, being blind, seemed indeed to be prevented by nature from ever dispensing with such guidance as his sober sister Hymen so gladly gave him. By-and-by, however, the boy grew peevish, obstinate, rebellious, and vastly self-consequent. "I want to go about alone," he protested to his mother, — "and go about alone I will," he added. In vain Venus argued against such imprudence. It were a waste of time to capitulate the objections; they were and are so obvious. But the urchin persisted; and so at last, to pacify him, Venus acceded to his wish. She decreed, therefore, that henceforward Hymen should concern herself with one-half of the world, and Love should do his best with the other half; their control being independent, and each working alone. This allegory no doubt serves a fair purpose if it be put forward in explanation of the indifferent figure cut by the southern husband in his own house. Hymen alone is responsible for the match. There is little intercourse of the affections between the husband and the wife. In like manner,

the numerous friendships, Platonic and otherwise, formed by the wife, whose hands alone have been tied by Hymen but whose heart is free, are equally clear evidence of the tricks of the blind boy Love in his own capricious movements about the world. And it is another of the incongruities of Love's contriving (though the philosophical student of nature may think differently) that the large, strong-featured Roman dames should find such delight in the society of the thin, little, effeminate dandies who are the surviving representatives of the descendants of the great fathers of Rome.

To some of us Rome is just now profoundly interesting, less for its ruins and romance than for the drama that is daily being brewed in it. What a spectacle is that of the head of the Christian Church in bonds! True, the bonds are largely of his own forging, and he has assumed them of his own free will. The phrase "a prisoner in the Vatican" is as mendacious as most popular phrases. No one could prevent his Holiness or any member of his Holiness's palace from leaving it, crossing the Tiber, and going where he pleased in the city, or indeed elsewhere. Contrast this with the old papal restrictions, whereby the man of talent was compelled either to stay in Rome all his days, or submit to eternal banishment if he presumed to use the permission that was offered him in response to his request for provisional leave of absence. It is policy, and policy alone, that induces the pope to cry that all the world may hear him, "I have been harshly and sacrilegiously used," and to turn the other cheek also to the smiter. Many of the Romans, who now find their intellectual sustenance in the lucubrations of M. Zola and the ribald anti-clericalism of their favorite journals, are deterred by no scruples of conscience or respect from villifying the Church in acknowledgment of this apparent invitation of his Holiness.

Meanwhile in most externals life (save at such famous seasons as Holy Week) proceeds here as of yore. One cannot go a hundred paces in the streets without meeting a troop of youths in white or purple, crimson or green — the members of one or other of the colleges for ecclesiastics which still abound in the city. The boys stride to and fro for their recreation, with a self-contented swing of the skirts, and holding their tonsured heads high as they gesticulate and argue with each other about matters of casuistry and faith. Their deportment towards the world is

based on good sense rather than Christian teaching. It reminds the writer of one of a series of maxims which he read on the walls of a room in a certain archiepiscopal college of Italy: "Do not think to win the love of others by rendering them services. You only acquire their envy." One can imagine this in the mouth of Rochefoucauld or Chamfort; but what has it ethically in common with Christianity, that it should be driven home to the minds of boys who are destined to be exponents of Christ's doctrines? It savors strongly of that spirit of compromise between Christ and the world by which the disciples of Loyola raised themselves to such a pitch of power. Some think the salvation of the Church in our day depends on the Jesuits. It may be so. Their order is not exactly in the ascendant. But it has by no means bitten the dust; and, as we know, it has the wisdom of the serpent, and, when it pleases, the gentleness ascribed to the dove.

In certain ways the crisis is like to have an invigorating effect upon the Roman intelligence. In the old days when the pope was supreme in his own city, there was none of the clashing of mind with mind which evokes strong sparks of thought. It was more decorous to trifle gracefully than to be heroic. Leopardi, in a letter to his father in 1822, shows us something of this. "The frivolity of these creatures," he says, "is incredible. Were I to give the whole letter to it, I could not tell you of the many ridiculous matters they delight to talk about. For instance, this morning, I have heard a long and grave discussion about the fine voice of a bishop who chanted the mass the day before yesterday, and his dignified bearing while the ceremony lasted. They asked him how he had contrived to acquire this fine characteristic; whether he ever felt embarrassed at the beginning of a mass; and the like. The bishop replied that he had taught himself during a long spell of apprenticeships in chapels; that such training had been very useful to him; that the chapel is a necessary experience for ecclesiastics like himself; that he was not in the least embarrassed; and a thousand other things equally intelligent. I have since heard that several cardinals and other personages congratulated him upon the success of this particular mass. Believe me when I say that I am not exaggerating, and that the subjects of Roman conversation are all such as this." There is still as much interest in the melody of a bishop's voice, and the

fluency of his periods at a sermon, as there was then; but it is confined to the ecclesiastics themselves. And even they are forced to admit that the dilemma of their spiritual father is a matter of more general concern than the state of their own throats. It is all very well for the papal papers to designate his Holiness as "The light of the nations, and the salvation of Italy;" and to scoff at Signor Crispi for saying, as if in retaliation, "Italy is the land of the starving, and the classic country of misery." It were easier to verify the words of the prime minister than those of the editor. Moreover, it is notorious that Rome was full of abuses, crimes, and maladministration that would have been scandalous anywhere, but were monstrous here under the ægis of the vicar-general of Christ; scandals which thrived more or less until Victor Emmanuel put an end to them. Conceive the Vatican not only tolerating, but even licensing as a monopoly, the exhibition of a board over a barber's shop, announcing that herein boys were mutilated for the service of his Holiness in the papal choir! This was not esteemed very gross in the old days. But the writers of King Humbert's reign comment on iniquity like this with all the emphasis that italics can give to a page of print. In Forsyth's day a priest excused the iciness of the spring east wind at Pisa by pleading that "this cold is a mortification peculiar to the holy season, and will continue till Easter, because it was cold when Peter sat at the high priest's fire on the eve of the Crucifixion." Perhaps he spoke from conviction. His was an age which still pinned its faith fast to statues of the Virgin with eyes that rolled, and pictures of Christ that sweated blood when erring mortals were to be peculiarly reminded of their weak and wicked condition. The hierarchy would excite sympathy in some of us if they would aver that they recognized in their present loss of temporal dignity the hand of Heaven, employed in mortifying them for their lethargy and sins of commission when they had the happiness and welfare of so many human beings at their disposal.

The change from the rule of the Church to the rule of the sovereign of their own choice is to the Italian, and especially to the Roman, like stepping from servitude to independence. It is a small matter, relatively speaking, if Rome be less visited by foreigners now than she was when enlivened to the full extent by the fascinating pomp of the papacy. True, visitors

still supply much of the life-blood of the city. But it is well that the citizens and artisans should be set upon their own legs, and made to try what they can do for themselves when deprived of the sovereigns and napoleons and thalers of the northern nations. They confess that the struggle is a hard one. Rents and provisions are dearer by far than they were when Pius the Ninth was master in Rome. The era of privilege, too, has passed away. Every man must pay what the State lawfully requires of him. The coat of an *abbe* no longer serves its wearer like a cuirass, impenetrable by the tax-gatherer. The favorite barber of a cardinal can nowadays as little procure an exemption from all such dues for a friend, as he can pretend to shield his patron. This rule of equity is new to Rome, but it will beget strength and self-reliance. If it be true that "the plant man is born more robust in Italy than in any other country," the Romans are not men to sink under certain hardships such as generally follow in the train of political revolution, and especially when, as in this case, the revolution has been a salutary one.

Change of this kind is necessarily one man's meat and another man's poison. You see this signified quite amusingly in Rome's public proclamations. When the king addresses a manifesto to his affectionate people, the preamble runs thus: "In these days of progress and enlightenment," etc. On the other hand, a papal epistle or placard goes in a minor key: "In these days of infidelity and persecution," etc. Persecution indeed! It may surely be protested that the word is used with some exaggeration. But that will depend upon the standpoint from which you regard the actions that are termed "persecution." If you view the State as supreme, and the Church as essentially subordinate, you may readily justify King Humbert in appropriating for the relief of the State the accumulated lands and properties of the Church. But if the Church seems to you supreme and inviolate, such seizure is of course both unjust and sacrilegious.

But what of the persecution in the past (considering only the milder forms of it), when it was as much as a householder's liberty was worth to do almost anything without the sanction of the vicar of his parish! Those were the days, too, of domestic tyranny as well as clerical. The one tyranny begat the other. Writers of our age recall their early experiences with a shudder, and thank heaven for the

brightness of the latter half of our century. As the priest ruled the father, so the father ruled his children. The man dared not leave the city without a license; could not eat what he pleased except under penalty of chastisement; if his means of livelihood displeased his vicar, the latter put an end to them; and his very steps in the city were liable to be watched, reported on, inquired about, and bring upon him censures and worse. The child, on his part, having been duly born, burdened with divers amulets as preservatives against witchcraft and the devil, and endowed with earrings for the good of his eyesight, was sent to school as soon as he was weaned. Here the next seven or eight years of his life were mainly spent. The school discipline was severe, the punishments abominable. Among the latter, flogging in the old style was common enough. One sees the priestly mind in certain other of the recognized means of castigation; for example, the being made to kneel for a painfully long time, sometimes with the hands under the knees (try it for but five minutes on an uncarpeted stone floor, with the knuckles to the ground), and the being compelled to lick the pavement crosswise, disposing in the best way possible of the dirt and dust that the tongue inevitably gathered to itself. When the pleasure of such a day's schooling was at an end, the boy returned home, ate his supper, and went off to bed. To him his father was less a being to love than a severe and even terrible personage, whose word in the household was law, whose hand he had to kiss twice a day as if in token of fealty, and who was particular in seeing that he did not have too much to eat. As Signor Silvangi says, in his recent clever studies of Roman domestic life: "Children then spent but little time at home. They rose in the morning and went to school; returned in the evening and went to bed. Many a boy became a young man without ever having seen the moon." The lad's amusements were as curious as his discipline. If he and his school-fellows played at being priests, attired themselves in mock vestments, and even went so far as to celebrate a mock mass, both schoolmasters and parents were delighted. Nothing could have been more exemplary. It showed that their minds were fitly attuned for the reception of holy things. Such parodies as this, and the religious processions in the streets, with the singing of the rosary and other offices of the Church, were the boy's chief solace from educational tasks. Ac-

tive games were discountenanced. Even nowadays you may see the native seminary students of the Roman colleges watching with unfeigned wonder the exertions of the American or Irish students at base-ball or tennis in the Borghese gardens and elsewhere. Traditional influences have left their mark upon them.

Journeying by such a road, the average boy became a representative son of the Church, and diverged not a step from the high road of external propriety and mediocrity. The training of a girl was of a kindred nature. Even as it was the father's earnest wish (whether with a view to his welfare in this world or his salvation in the next) that his son might become a priest; so it was his and his wife's fondest ambition that their daughters should become nuns. Thereby, as the phrase went, the blessings of eternal life were assured to them. As for the unhappy lad whose nature revolted against the tyranny of his youthful training, he was forced to play the hypocrite until he could acquire a semblance of the freedom that ought to wait upon manhood. He had no very excellent possibilities of worldly success in a city like Rome, but his mind was admirably bent for the appreciation of the pleasures of intrigue and gaming which were likely soon to ensnare him.

The above may be regarded as typical sketches of the alternative careers of a Roman lad of what we may call the middle-class — the son of an *abbé*, or one of those doctors and advocates who were so much a prey and a fear to the papal court. For the children of the nobility there were of course resident tutors, for the most part Jesuits, who had a special interest in keeping the intellects of their pupils in due subjection. The lower classes might in one sense be considered the happiest of all. They at least were free from such educational trammels.

Under King Humbert there is so little restraint upon personal freedom in Rome that some regard the present time as an age of deplorable license. A superior in station is not now a being to fear and cringe to, as well as to respect. It is as much as an official's place is worth to practise the tyranny of the old times. The press, thanks to what Gregory the Sixteenth prettily called its damnable license, is nowhere more keen upon abuses of all kinds. The vicar of the parish has lost his hold upon the parishioners — at least upon the masculine portion of them. The relaxation makes itself felt in all sections

of social life. The father is more genial towards his child. The boy's schoolmasters are not nowadays priests almost of necessity, and the boy himself is no longer made to perform disgusting penances for his misdeeds. A bolder and more aspiring spirit has developed in the youth of the land. They try their pinions abroad in the world sooner and with more confidence than in the old time. Not a little of the American ardor of enterprise stirs in them with the first instincts of their manhood. It is not now a sin to desire to grow rich by toiling in other lands. Indeed, offices for the information of emigrants are perhaps a little too obtrusive and numerous in some parts of Italy, considering how imperfectly much of the peninsula itself is cultivated. The consequence is that week by week the steamers from Naples and Genoa carry their hundreds of these sons of the South across the Atlantic, full of hope and determination. Others less venturesome do but climb the Alps in increasing numbers to tempt fortune in the foreign capitals of Europe as organ-grinders, pastry-cooks, and manufacturers of ice-cream.

It is vain for the Church to try to stem this fervor of independence by stigmatizing it as a criminal aspiration. During Lent of last year the Franciscan preacher, Padre Agostino, in his sensational crusade against the spirit of the times, dwelt largely upon this subject. In the first of his series of sermons he drew a frenzy of applause from his congregation (composed chiefly of the fair sex) by the following words: "In these days ambition reigns supreme. Every one wishes to be his own master. Every one devotes himself entirely to the satisfaction of his own desires. Sublime ideas, magnanimous sentiments, and noble actions no longer serve as a spur to the minds of men. Hence springs anarchy." The good father's premises may in part be accepted; but his conclusions hardly. He spoke as the mouth-piece of the pope, and his words had tremendous echo in Rome. But again the changed spirit of the times was shown by the insults as well as the enthusiasm which were his reward. One morning a bomb-shell was exploded in the church; at another time he himself was deluged in filth as he was stepping into the carriage that was to convey him from the church to his monastery; and daily during Lent he was the butt of those Roman newspapers whose editors have turned their backs on matters of faith, and scoff, with an energy of which we in England have no experi-

ence, at all things and influences religious. This lament of the Church in the person of the friar was continued somewhat oddly by the papal newspapers of the day. "Gallantry is dead. Men no longer concern themselves about women; they neither converse with them, nor pay them civilities. Politics, business affairs, the money market, the various engagements of practical life fully occupy them." Perhaps the gravity of this paragraph can only be understood by us in the light of that recent utterance of the pope: "Woman in Europe is the sole hope of the Church." Otherwise one may expect this particular editor to give us a jeremiad of the most heart-rending kind when the finance minister of the State is able to announce that he has at last brought the balance between expenditure and revenue to the right side.

Anarchy, however, was not quite the fit word to express the debauch of mental freedom which Italians are enjoying in the present age. They are vastly, indeed extravagantly, exhilarated; but they are not turbulent. For a while they are likely to be led to do and say much that in the after time they will regret; but this is the accompaniment (perhaps in their case the inevitable accompaniment) of their solid advance upon what we have agreed among ourselves to term the paths of civilization. They are too bitter about the past to be able to regard it calmly, when they compare it with their present liberty and the promise of their future. It is so undoubted a boon for Italy that Rome is now the seat of a constitutional king that one may excuse the presence of sundry evils which seem to have come with the change. In the pope's days it would probably have been dangerous to practise the three-card trick upon the peasants of the Campagna in the Appian Way. But brigands and wolves were a more serious pest then than is the occasional card-sharper of to-day. Of old, the Forum was a cow-market and a place for the bestowal of rubbish. Nowadays, on Sunday afternoons you may see the sons of modern Rome listening with rapt attention to the lecture of a fellow-countryman about the history and import of the proud ruins that surround them. Fifty years ago, you might tarry a week in the Holy City waiting for permission to travel fifty miles from it. To-day there are automatic weighing and measuring machines in its railway station for the entertainment of the few minutes you may have upon your hands before your train starts.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From Temple Bar.

DRYDEN AND SCOTT.

ALTHOUGH the materials for a continuous life of Dryden have always proved very insufficient for the purposes of biographers, there is perhaps no English writer who in the course of his works reveals his personal character more completely—the kind of people, the things and occupations that he liked best, the very forms of his thought, and the prevalent modes of his reasoning, are all made clear to any one who studies his writings with sufficient attention.

It might seem at first sight that a parallel drawn between him and his principal biographer, Sir Walter Scott, could only be of the nature of a violent contrast. That the two poets are, as to moral tone, wide as the poles asunder; that the ideas of Scott were essentially unchanged throughout his long life, while those of Dryden were in a perpetual flux and variation; that whereas the elder poet was primarily a lover of the court and city, the younger was devoted to the country and country life; that each was a man strongly influenced by, and influencing, his period, and that their periods were very different—all this might seem to create so unfathomable a chasm between the two, as to make it unlikely that any similarity worth mentioning should be found to exist between them.

And yet the pair, at all events as politicians and as writers, are so far alike, that it may safely be averred that Scott would have been by no means exactly what he is, if Dryden had not gone before him, enlisting him as a pupil, admirer, and editor, before any of the more important works of the latter had been given to the world, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion" alone excepted.

Each was, to begin with, a Tory of his own period, though Dryden was so as an Englishman, Scott as a Scotchman. And herein lies, as we imagine, a most interesting and important distinction. Both, indeed, belonged by descent to the *noblesse* of the Border, the Dryden family having originally sprung from the neighborhood of the Cheviots, and it would be difficult to say in which of the two the appreciation of good birth and of a long pedigree was the more profound and gustative.

But the clannish ideas, in which Scotland and Ireland have always been distinguished from their sister-country, showed themselves to great advantage in the Toryism of Scott, by leading him to value good birth in an open and generous

manner, as a privilege in which the humblest laborer might claim the share. In his eyes the name of Scott was a prouder badge of honor than any other which he ever obtained; but even if every man in the county had borne it, that would only have been, according to his ideas, a strengthening of its value. To be a member of the most famous fighting clan on the Border, to have the Duke of Buccleuch for his chief, Scott of Harden as his nearer kinsman and chieftain, and to be himself the founder of a family at Abbotsford, which should lead all of the name in his own immediate neighborhood,—all this was to Sir Walter Scott not merely a romance of the olden time, with which the imagination might amuse itself in secret, but a very real and tangible fact, to be utilized for all good, benevolent, and self-sacrificing purposes.

Dryden, on the other hand, followed the English fashion, in valuing good birth as denoting membership, not of a clan, but of a more or less fluctuating caste. It follows that, like many other good people, he was more nearly led into being a snob on this subject than on any other. His birthplace and family property lay in Northamptonshire, and there is quite enough in his works to justify the inference that nothing would have disgusted him more than to find the whole population of the Nene valley claiming to be Drydens.

It is possible that a warmer sympathy with the Celtic feeling on this matter might in former times have secured for Englishmen a much more favorable consideration, both in Scotland and in Ireland.

It remains, however, that both our poets were Tory and Jacobite. Both, therefore, were possessed with that imaginative tendency in religious matters which gives men a bias (we do not imply misleadingly) towards Catholic theory and practice.

This tendency, which helped to bring Dryden over to the Roman Catholic Church in his later years, turned Scott at an early period of life from a Presbyterian into a devout Episcopalian, and made his writings, as Cardinal Newman has remarked, a kind of mental ploughing-machine which broke up the ground, and prepared the minds of very many Englishmen for the definite theological teaching which was supplied immediately after his death by Newman himself, and by those who acted with him.

The parallel between Dryden and Scott should not indeed be pressed in this

respect beyond a certain point, the mind of the former being of the more rigidly argumentative character — at least, so far as this, that he could always find arguments with a fair capacity of holding water for any theory which it was his purpose at the moment to defend; whereas Scott, in spite of his legal training, was much less of a formal reasoner. Of the widely different amount of influence exercised by the religious ideas of the two writers on their character and practice, it is needless to speak.

It will be gathered, however, from what has been said so far, that both our writers were, as poets should be, essentially imaginative and romantic. And here we would plead against the prevailing inadvertence of considering Dryden (so far truly) as the founder of the critical or classical school of poetry, whose typical representative is Pope; and therefore as being of necessity put out of relation to that later Romantic school which found one of its earliest and best exponents in Walter Scott.

The truth is, that Dryden was many-sided, and really stands in the relation of literary ancestor, or at least of model, to almost every English poet of importance since his time. All that has been said as to his influence on the school of Pope is true enough, but his romantic side, which Macaulay indicates by saying that the court, the camp, the tournament, and the chase, were the subjects in which he showed to most advantage, renders him a forerunner of the Romantic school in general, and of Scott very particularly.

It has been before observed that "Ivanhoe" is on the lines of the "Conquest of Granada." Another illustration of our point may be drawn from the dialogue between two aerial spirits in the heroic play entitled "Tyrannic Love," a passage which has, perhaps, been more severely ridiculed than anything else in Dryden, but which, having possibly afforded hints for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," not to say for the "Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast," is most certainly not a composition in the classical style, whatever else may be said about it.

Nakar.

Hark, my Damilcar, we are called below!

Damilcar.

Let us go, let us go!

Nakar.

Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East,
Half tipped at a rainbow feast;

In the bright moonshine, while winds whistle
loud,
We mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud;
And, lest our leap from the sky prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling star,
And drop from above in a jelly of love.

Damilcar.

But now the sun's down, and the element's
red,
The spirits of fire against us make head.

Nakar.

They muster, they muster, like gnats in the
air.

Alas! I must leave thee, my fair,
And to my light horsemen repair.

Damilcar.

Oh, stay! for you need not to fear them to-
night,

The wind is for us, and blows full in their
sight;

Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall
down,

And hiss in the water, and drown.

Nakar.

But their men lie securely intrenched in a
cloud,
And a trumpeter-hornet to battle sounds loud.

The sentence about falling stars and jelly has been mercilessly parodied; but is so far defensible that it is founded on an old idea that meteors, falling to ground, leave a substance like jelly on the spot where they descend: So in Lee's "Ædipus:" —

The shooting stars end all in purple jellies;
and in Dryden's own dedication of the "Spanish Friar," where he says of a play more suited for representation than for private reading: —

When I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly — nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting.

In the last weeks of Dryden's life he wrote a "Secular Masque," to celebrate the beginning of the eighteenth century, in which the lines spoken in the character of Diana, apart from chronology and from the betraying word "wexing," might either have been written by Dryden imitating Scott, or by Scott imitating Dryden.

With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to the woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskined soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon;
I course the fleet stag, unkenneled the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of
rocks;

With shouting and hooting we pierce through
the sky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

The fact that Scott chose the eight-syllabled metre of the old English ballads as the vehicle of his poetical narratives has tended to foster the idea that whatever is written in the heroic couplet, measuring ten syllables to the line, must necessarily be of the classical rather than of the romantic school. But it need not be said that the metre of a poem is one thing, the subject and style of treatment quite another. Canning and George Ellis, the most accomplished London critics of their time, agreed in urging Scott to adopt the Drydenian heroic couplet for his narrative poetry; and the preference shown for Byron's metrical tales by the public of that day, as well as afterwards, would seem to indicate that Scott would have done well to follow their advice, always supposing that he had mastered Dryden's method of employing that metre, which is at once the most famous and workmanlike in English poetry, and also the most dangerous, simply because it seems to be, and is, up to a certain point, so fatally easy.

It may be true, as Scott himself urges (*Life by Lockhart*, p. 195), that in Pope's lines, for example, —

The wrath which sent to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs in battle slain,

the italicized words might be omitted with advantage; but this only strengthens our own contention that Dryden, and not Pope, is the true model for English heroic verse-writing.

Dryden, as a rule, is far too able a craftsman to load his work with weak epithets.

When Scott, on a subsequent occasion, so far adopted the advice of his friendly critics as to attempt the Spenserian stanza, the following remark was sent to him by Canning in a private letter (*Lockhart*, p. 206): —

I am very glad that you have essayed a new metre — new, I mean, for you to use. That which you have chosen is perhaps at once the most artificial and the most magnificent that our language affords, and your success in it ought to encourage you to believe that, for you at least, the majestic march of Dryden (to my ear the perfection of harmony) is not, as you seem to pronounce it, irrecoverable.

It must always be a satisfaction to Dryden's admirers that such an opinion was elicited from one who, as an accomplished statesman, satirist, and critic, occupies a

place in history peculiar to himself. He would, it may be conjectured, have been gratified, if he had lived long enough, by seeing the majestic march of Dryden reproduced by our present poet laureate in the "Vision of Sin," whose hero riding in youth on the winged Pegasus

that would have flown,
But that his heavy rider kept him down,

entering a palace that might have been Whitehall after the Restoration, and ending his days as a cynical satirist, of whom it is said that

A little grain of conscience made him sour,

has always appeared to us as possibly intended for the fetch or presentment of Dryden himself, the Drydenian couplet being employed as a key to the riddle. Be this as it may, Scott's own friends appear to have considered that nothing but the desire to save himself labor had hindered him from strengthening "Marmion" and the rest by using the Drydenian couplet.

Before leaving the subject of the political influence of our two poets, it should be observed that while both were Tories, assisting their party to an extent which it is hardly possible to exaggerate, Dryden's influence was only exercised in a literary way, through his dramatical and satirical writings. Wherever the character or action of an opponent furnished an occasion for a pointed epigram, a not too elegant lampoon, or, generally speaking, for a volley of literary dead cats and mud, there Dryden was to the fore; and both Charles II. and James II., after the accustomed manner of the Stuarts, owed a great deal more to his advocacy than they ever chose to acknowledge or repay. On the other hand, the influence of Scott, exercised in a manner infinitely more worthy and dignified, was not only literary, but also territorial and personal; and although he was as stiff and unbending a party-man as could well be conceived, there is scarcely anything in his political action which appears unworthy of him. And if the political fairness of his writings were in question, it was allowed by his opponents that the severity with which he exposed the cruelty of Lauderdale and Claverhouse sufficiently freed him from any suspicion of wilfully favoring his own side at the expense of the truth.

The personal character of the two men has been set before us in each case by a devoted but not untrustworthy admirer; that of Dryden, namely, by his pupil and

dramatic successor, Congreve; that of Scott by his son-in-law, Lockhart. If, indeed, we were to speak of Scott in the same breath with Dryden, in respect of general nobility of aim, or consistent elevation of moral or religious tone, the injustice done to the former would be as great as is imaginable. But, this very large reservation once being made, there remains more than one point on which the two poets seem to have similarly impressed those who came into contact with them.

Both appear to have been born with an essentially kindly disposition, one prone to dwell on the good points of their friends, and to overlook their shortcomings. To use a familiar expression, "all their geese were swans." It was this which is described by the biographer as having led Scott into business connections, which, if on the one hand they benefited the public by spurring him up to constant and prolific writing, yet on the other hand clouded his private life by continual anxieties, culminating in financial misfortune. It appears to have been a similar spirit of easy kindliness which, as so often happens in such cases, helped to keep Dryden a poor man.

We have it on the authority of Congreve and others that, although his family property afforded him little more than a bare competency, he was, nevertheless, the most easy-going of landlords, never raising his rent at a time when every reason existed why he should have done so; and that he not unfrequently went out of his way to help others by donations from his private purse.

It may, indeed, be fairly objected that if Dryden was like Scott in readiness to give, he was extremely unlike him in his still greater readiness to receive. Four years after the loss of office and income which the Revolution had inflicted on him, we find him thanking Lord Dorset for assistance, in terms of which the following is a condensation:—

At the time of the loss of the poor substance which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself, your lordship was pleased of your own nobleness, without the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful and seasonable present, a favor of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty return it for me both in blessing you here, and rewarding you after.

This anticipation of Edie Ochiltree's

nasal snuffle, "Heaven reward your honor," in which we may be sure that Scott would have been the last person to wish to imitate that wonderfully humorous creation of his fancy, throws so much cold water on one's personal admiration of Dryden, that we have great need to recall to mind the literary customs of that age, in which even such expressions as these appear to have passed with credit, as a compliance with the ordinary obligations of formal courtesy.

If Scott was far too lenient a critic of other people who pretended to be poets or novelists, he certainly was in this respect extremely like Dryden, the catholicity of whose literary taste shows itself in the great variety of the writers whom he studied and imitated. If, again, the more modern poet lost money by unsatisfactory business connections, Dryden has lost a great deal of literary credit by strange and ludicrous blemishes, which, when traced to their proper source, are invariably found to be due to his imitative admiration of earlier writers. It would seem, indeed, as though he never decisively condemned any form of expression for which authority existed, until he had tested it by employment in works published by himself. And for this we shall return him, if not praise, at least a very cautious and restricted condemnation, when we remember that it was by this very process of tentative sifting that he brought the English language into the position which it now occupies, as one of the most flexible and efficient instruments existing for the communication of thought.

It may be inferred, then, that both Scott's private fortunes, and Dryden's literary position, so far as they suffered by the action of either poet, were at all events sacrificed in the interests of the public.

It is, however, not a little remarkable that neither of our poets appears to have been in the least degree influenced by the most valuable of his immediate predecessors. We should certainly have expected beforehand to find Dryden standing in some such relation to Herrick, and Scott to Gray; but of this there is, so far as we are aware, no evidence whatever. In regard to Herrick in particular, we are inclined to think that Dryden could never even have heard his name. The coincidence appears to deserve a word of remark, though it may be very difficult to offer a conjecture as to the causes of it.

It is needless to insist upon the prominence of Scott as a poet of country life.

Both by precept and example he was an inculcator of muscular Christianity in its most natural and spontaneous form. Wordsworth, on the other hand, has committed himself to the assertion that "there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of Dryden's works." That Dryden shared the inability of his age to enter fully into the sublimities of landscape scenery, may be freely admitted; but, for the rest, we can only say, that Wordsworth's remark shows complete ignorance of the author on whom he is commenting. It should rather be said that Dryden is the poet, not of still life, but of movement in nature, the varying phenomena of light, the indications of a gathering storm, the actions of the lower animals, whatever, in short, can be used to illustrate a corresponding movement among men. We know as a matter of fact that he was a brother of the angle. We infer from many passages of his works that he took some interest in the chase, especially in falconry, and most of all, we cannot avoid noticing how closely he observed the habits of birds.

For instances of this we need only refer to the description of an indecisive naval action in our favorite "Annus Mirabilis." The silvery effect of moonlight on water is set forth in a few touches; while the shattered English fleet is compared, first to a bevy of hurt wild duck:—

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less,
And, like maimed fowl, swim lagging on the
main;

then (the flagship at least) to a falcon
checked in mid career:—

Have you not seen when, whistled from the
fist,

Some falcon stoops at what her eye de-
signed,

And, with her eagerness the quarry missed,
Straight flies at check and clips it down the
wind?

The dastard crow, that to the wood made
wing,

And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does
bring,

Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

The weakened fleets are compared to
thinned-out plantations:—

And now, reduced on equal terms to fight,
Their ships, like wasted patrimonies, show,
Where the thin scattering trees admit the
light,

And shun each other's shadows as they
grow.

The lying side by side of hostile vessels,
disabled, but unconquered, is thus illus-
trated:—

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain

A course, till tired before the dog she lay,
Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the
plain,

Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his lolled tongue he faintly licks his
prey,

His warm breath blows her flix up as she
lies;

She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching
eyes.

It is hoped that Wordsworth's sweeping
statement may now be considered as suffi-
ciently disproved.

It might be expected that writers of
such proclivities as we have described
would treat the clerical profession with
considerable respect. This, however, is
only partially true in the case of Scott.
His many sketches of clergymen are
mostly good-tempered caricatures. Of
the two exceptions which at this moment
we can call to mind, Mr. Morton in "Wa-
verley" is a very subordinate character,
while Reuben Butler in the "Heart of
Mid-Lothian" was not nearly good enough
for Jeanie. On the other hand we remem-
ber Pembroke, Sampson, Blattergowl,
Poundtext, the wilder Calvinists of "Old
Mortality," all weird, grotesque, or com-
ical. Something must of course be al-
lowed for the fact that they are necessarily
sketched in, not as leading characters, but
as foils; something also for those profes-
sional mannerisms, which, in Scott's time
as now, if not stronger than those of other
bodies of men, were at all events more
conspicuous as a mark for popular satire.

But Dryden's dislike of any kind of
priesthood, Christian or otherwise, taken
side by side with his submission to the
most sacerdotal form of European Chris-
tianity, is truly remarkable, and a fresh
proof of the fact that to accept a system
in the abstract is one thing, to defer heart-
ily to its individual representatives for the
time being is quite another. If our poet
satirizes a Moorish mufti, he does no less
to his Father Dominic; if he holds Burnet
up to contempt, he is, even after the
change of his opinions, not so very much
less severe upon Petre. He accounts for
his feeling, if anywhere, in the third verse
of his harvest-song in "King Arthur,"
which will repay quoting in full:—

Your hay it is mowed, and your corn is reaped,
Your barns will be full, and your hovels
heaped.

Come, my boys, come!
And merrily roar out harvest home.

We make a present of the next verse
to the agricultural population of north
Wales:—

We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him
again,
For why should a blockhead have one in ten—

One in ten!

Why should a blockhead have one in ten?

The lines next ensuing explain the
cause of Dryden's bitterness. He had sat
under country clerics at some expense to
his patience:—

For prating so long like a book-learned sot,
Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot—

Burn to pot!

Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot.

The concluding stanza might even at
the present day find acceptance with a
beer-house keeper of Conservative princi-
ples:—

We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand,
And hoigh for the honor of old England—

Old England!

Hoigh for the honor of old England.

That our two writers, in spite of the
immense moral distance between them,
had many points of resemblance both as
men and authors, and that Scott early
adopted Dryden, both as a warning and an
example for his own career, has been sug-
gested by Lockhart himself. It cannot,
therefore, be interpreted as a disrespect to
the noble and benignant memory of Scott,
that we should have attempted to follow
the lead of his son-in-law, by bringing
him into a somewhat more detailed com-
parison with one who, if in some respects
his artistic superior, was in others so very
much below him.

If the intended result of the present
article were to any degree attained, it
would be, not the depreciation of Scott in
the popular view, but, so far as is fair and
reasonable, the rehabilitation of Dryden.

JOHN AMPHLETT EVANS.

From The Spectator.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

THAT was a sad saying, that "Life
would be very tolerable if it were not for
its amusements;" but still, one feels in-
clined to echo it, and to add the more

serious reflection that it would be livable
if it were not for its meals. We seem to
have inherited all the appetite of our an-
cestors, without their powers of digestion;
but then, it must be remembered that our
ancestors contented themselves with two,
or at the most three meals a day, while we
do not think we have properly done our
duty unless we consume four. The five
o'clock tea is an admirable institution, no
doubt; but its dimensions have swollen
out of all proportion with human capacity.
What mortal man is there who is capable
of assimilating within eight short hours a
hearty lunch, a long dinner of most varied
courses, and an intermediate refectation of
muffins, cake, and sandwiches? And yet
this is expected of poor, suffering man,
and he has to accommodate himself to the
exigencies of the situation, and try to cre-
ate a demand for all that unlimited supply.
We would not say that the five o'clock tea
was not an admirable institution—some-
times. On those long, wintry evenings
that extend so drearily before and after
Christmas; when the streets are full of
wet and cold, of mud and misery; when
the fleeting comfort of our luncheon is
already a memory of the past, and the
expectation of our dinner so far in the
remote future,—what greater consolation
is there for the cheerless present than the
tea-table? The friendly fire that flashes
on the silver urn and lights up the friendly
face behind it; the cup of tea, not too hot,
not too strong, not too anything, but duly
sweetened by the sugar and softened with
the fulsome cream; the pretty hands that
busy themselves with the cheerful music
of the tea-spoons; the low and gentle voice
that accompanies that music with pleasant
talk; and above all—above all—the
rich, the soothing, the unctuous muffin.
Who cares about his dinner then, or has
any other thought save of enjoying that
well-buttered and comfortable present?
Some one said that a woman never looked
so well as when she was behind a tea-
table. There was a great deal of truth in
the remark; all the womanly virtues thaw
and come forth under the influence of the
steaming kettle, and are reflected in the
shining equipage of the tea-tray. But
there should not be too many of them—
of the ladies, not the virtues. This is the
essential quality of the five o'clock tea,—
that it is a meal that belongs to the *vie*
intime, and not to the bustling crowd of
society; it ought to be held a sacred mys-
tery, to be shared only with a select few
of one's intimate friends, and not a fash-
ionable function for the entertainment of

indifferent acquaintance. The Parisians, who have borrowed both the meal and its hour from us, thoroughly understand its real meaning and nature, though they apparently misunderstand its name; and when Gontran receives the invitation, "Venez five-o'clocker chez-moi à six heures," he knows that he will meet the object of his admiration, if not alone, at least in the company of but few and sympathetic friends. That is how it should be. But the "five-o'clock" of London—and in summer too! It is a perilous thing, not only from the quantity and variety of the fare that is provided, but also from the quantity of the people who are invited to consume it. Our modern hostess, like an ancient Pythagorean, has the greatest faith in the saving virtue of numbers; she is never quite happy until she has inveigled more people into her house than it will hold. As far as balls, concerts, and evening parties are concerned, she is welcome to do so; but not at five o'clock, not at five o'clock tea! Weak man is not strong enough at that hour to brave the dangers of a crowded staircase, nor hungry enough to console himself with a meal that is lunch, tea, and supper rolled into one; he pines for the comparative solitude of his club, or the less fatiguing society of one or two friends, with whom he will have no temptation to spoil his dinner.

Of course this appalling plenty is not the lady's fault. Man, the unaccountable, the irrational, suddenly showed a disinclination for his tea; he fled into the fastnesses of his club or other haunts; ceased to frequent "five-o'clocks," and shunned the flowing teacup. Matrons and maidens took counsel together how best to lure back the shy quarry. They came to this conclusion—to feed the beast. Straightway the tea-tables of Mayfair groaned under an unwonted fare; cold hams, and tongues, and hot muffins; sandwiches, *pâtés de foie gras*, jam, plovers' eggs, cake, caviare, Camembert cheeses, and cream-tarts, all jostled each other on the festive board, and made up a moderate repast suitable to the hour and the occasion. Then they gave it forth—but this probably was a shameless fiction—that an exalted personage, a very exalted personage, liked what an Irishman would call "trimmings to his tea;" that he was in the habit of consuming beef and ham with his muffins; and that it was the duty of all good and loyal subjects to make sandwiches of their muffins also. Man came out; he came, he looked, he ate,—and he got dyspepsia and fled back again.

What is more, he is still in hiding. You may roam through all the "at-homes" of Mayfair and Belgravia at the hour of five, and you will hardly find a single man. Some few there are, but as a rule those few are so ladylike that they cannot be fairly counted. Maidens and matrons are still left lamenting.

In the immortal "Battle of Limerick"—the one immortalized by Thackeray—there is a rich and appetizing description of the "tay-party" that was given to Mr. Smith O'Brien. After recounting the conveniences and the glories of the house in which it was given, the ballad proceeds:—

'Twould binifit your sowl
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craym
galore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and trumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Society had got as far as the buttered rolls, the sugar-tongs, and the sandwiches; but the band of harps and trumpets was yet untried. The next time that Mrs. So-and-So was at home at five o'clock, there was the magic word "Music" printed in the corner of the invitation. It might well have been written in the corner; that was the position that it eventually occupied; it never played more than the second fiddle in the subsequent proceedings, nor ever emerged from the corner to which it had been relegated. We are a very musical nation; we say so ourselves, and we ought to be the best judges on the subject. And music has the most extraordinary influence over us; it makes us talk. Perhaps it is well that the drawing-room songs that are now in vogue should be drowned in conversation; drowning is almost too happy a fate for the feeble wail of sickly sentiment that is dignified by the name of singing. But it is rather hard upon a real artist—a violinist, let us say—who is playing good music and throwing his whole soul into it, to overhear, above the din of those many well-bred voices, some such remarks as these: "Were you at the opera last night? Oh! I always go myself; but then I love music. Eh! what did you say?"—and then, petulantly: "I do wish that man would stop scraping that horrid thing; one can't hear oneself speak." No; music has no place at the five o'clock tea any more than the crowd that it is used to attract. This at least may be said of it, that it is better than some attractions that are offered. Recitations by broad daylight and in cold

blood! Why, even the reciter, who is generally a fairly hardened person, might shrink from that ordeal. What must be the feelings of an unhappy man who is expected to listen to him at that hour of the afternoon? Another inducement that is often held out, is the hope of meeting some celebrity who is enjoying the doubtful honor of being lionized by the public. Unfortunately, no one seems to consider an afternoon engagement to be a binding one, and very often the lion is only conspicuous by his absence. In that case, the other guests help to render his absence very conspicuous indeed, by asking for him at every moment; they have been promised their lion, they want their lion, and they have no consideration for their hostess's feelings. It sometimes happens that he does come, but will not roar; that is the worst of the pampered lion, — he is an inconvenient beast, and one cannot depend upon him. Invitations to tea and court-trains after her Majesty's drawing-room; a very pleasant and legitimate entertainment for ladies; but why should a man be required to take part in it? What does he know about gowns and frills, except that he has to pay for them? Afternoon tea and a missionary meeting form another painful combination; one cannot help thinking of that famous tea-meeting when the Reverend Brother Stiggins was asked to oblige, and the elder Mr. Weller folded the shepherd himself, by the simple process of doubling him up. Afternoon tea and a scientific lecture are incongruous enough. But most painfully incongruous of all is the following invitation for a five o'clock gathering: "Mrs. — at home. To hear Miss — tell of Marie Bashkirtseff." Marie Bashkirtseff is dead, poor soul, leaving behind her one of the most mournful legacies that ever a woman left to the world, the most private history of her own wilful and wayward life. Surely we might be content with

what she has so freely given us. Is it seemingly that a crowd of indifferent and unfeeling people should be asked to take their afternoon tea upon her grave? Are we ghoul, that we should do this thing?

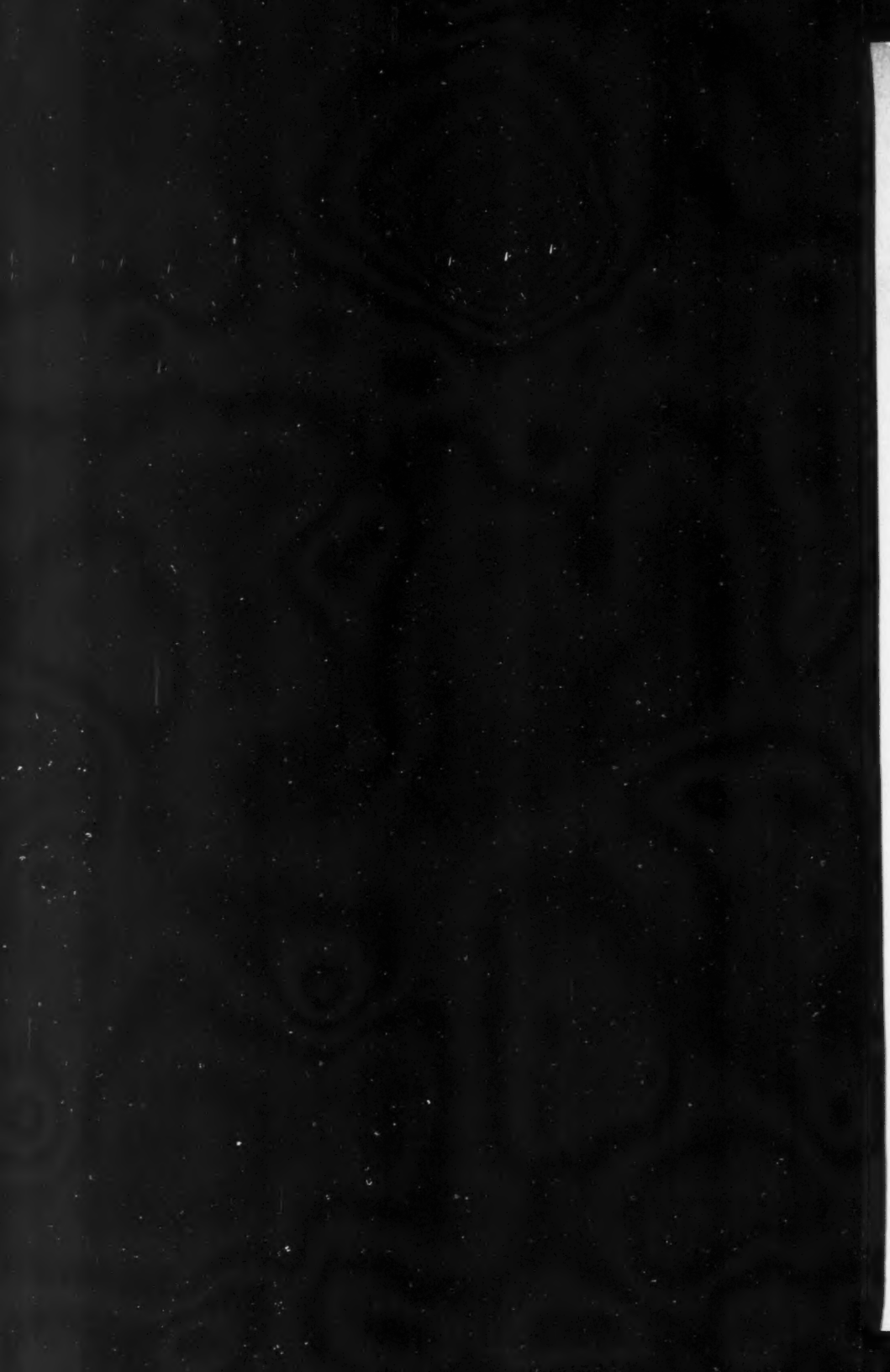
Five o'clock tea was never intended to be a peg for an unwieldy social function; that is the hour of the day which one ought to give to one's friends, and not to society. Society should be satisfied with monopolizing the rest of the evening. There is no historical precedent for herding together at the tea-table. Mrs. Camp, when she gave a tea-party, only invited one friend. Dr. Johnson, who loved tea, and would drink twenty-five cups at a sitting, does not appear to have committed these excesses in public. Alas! when one comes to consider the question, there is not much evidence one way or the other. The history of tea and tea-drinking has yet to be written. No poet has yet arisen to sing its praises, as Omar Khayyam or Anacreon sang the praise of wine. Dr. Johnson, who loved it not wisely but too well, has hardly a good word to say for it. Cibber can say no more than, "Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid." Not a very inviting description; the advertisements of cocoa are more full of poetic feeling. While as for the poet — was it Cowper? — who wrote of "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," he was not even original. Bishop Berkeley had already described that nauseous draught, his favorite tar-water, in those identical words. Here is an excellent opportunity for a poet of temperate convictions, to advance at once the cause of sobriety and his own reputation. Odes in favor of tea should have an immense success among certain members of the community. In the mean time, some of us who may not love it much, but who have at least an infinite respect for it, will "sometimes counsel take, and sometimes — tea," with our friends only.

SWEETS FOR THE HAREM.—According to the report of the Syndicate Chamber of the sweetmeat trade, France exports now but £100,000 worth of sweetmeats. England alone used to be her customer before the sugar bounties for considerably more than that sum each year, but she is now a rival in the European market. But she still takes a large quantity of acidulated sweets, and the other great customers of France are Russia,

Turkey, Egypt, and the United States. Spain only takes fondants and chocolate. Four-fifths of all the sweets exported go to Turkey and Egypt, to be eaten in harems. England has not yet acquired the art of making the fondants or of sugaring the chestnut, nor is she yet abreast of France in making the light cakes which serve as *entremets sucrés* at dinners, and which do not bear exportation.

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